Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

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For the Saturday Evening Post.

Suggested by reading the Lines written by the late Col. T. W[illegible].

TO MARY.

"Come fill the cup—I'll drink to her;
I loved in youth beyond the" sea;
Where grow the laurel and the fir,
By the blest regions of the free.

Wild beat my heart—my throbbing heart,
Within this aching breast of mine:
When fate decreed that we must part,
And I should leave my native clime.

"Come, fill the cup,"—I'll drink again,
Unto the fairest of the fair;
Who dwells beyond the rolling main,
And breathes the purest mountain air.

Ah! once upon that peaceful shore,
So happy once I roamed along;
And listened to the cat'ract's roar,
Or to the robin's rustic song.

But now far o'er the rolling main,
A stranger all forlorn I roam;
And cruel sorrow's aching pain
Hath made this breast of mine its home.

The sprightly youth, so happy then,
Alas! is strangely altered now;
A wanderer from the haunts of men,
And sorrow hath o'ercast his brow.

The beauteous banner of the free,
He carries firm within his hands,
While glorious death or liberty
Is written on his trusty brands.

But it shall spare, yea nobly spare,
The vanquished hero on the field;
It shall protect with guardian care
The virtuous and the brave that yield.

"Fill high the cup,"—fill it once more;
I'll drink to Mary once again;
"I'll drink to her" whom I adore,
Who dwells beyond the billowy main.

CAROLINE.

From the Keepsake.

THE BRIGHTON COACH.

BY THEODORE HOOK.

A friend, on whose veracity I can perfectly rely, told me the following story; whether a repetition of it may interest a reader, I cannot say; but I will hazard the experiment:

I was once (said my friend) placed in a situation of peculiar embarrassment; the event made a strong impression on me at the time—an impression, indeed, which has lasted ever since.

Those who know as well as I do, and have known as long as I have known, that once muddy, shabby, dirty, fishing-town on the Sussex coast, which has grown, under the smiles and patronage of our late beloved king, into splendour and opulence, called Brighton, will be aware that there run to it and from it, divers and sundry most admirable public conveyances in the shape of stage coaches; that the rapid improvements of that sort of travelling have, during late years, interfered with, and greatly injured the trade of posting; and that people of the first respectability think it no shame to pack themselves up in a Brighton coach, and step out of it at Charing-cross exactly five hours after they have stepped into it, in Castle-square.

The gallant gay Stevenson, with his prancing greys under perfect command, used to attract a crowd to see him start; and now, although he, poor fellow, is gone that journey whence no traveller returns, Goodman still survives, and the "Times" still nour[illegible] scene of my embarrassment laid; and to that admirable, neat, and expeditious equipage must I endeavour to attract your attention for some ten minutes.

It was one day in the autumn of 1829, just as the Pavilion clock was striking three, that I stepped into Mr. Goodman's coach. In it I found already a thin stripling enveloped in a fur pelisse, the only distinguishing mark of whose sex was a tuft of mustachio on his upper lip. He wore a travelling cap on his head, girt with a golden band, and eyed me and his other fellow-traveller as though we had been of a different race of beings from himself.

That other fellow-traveller I took to be a small attorney. He was habited in a drab great coat, which matched his round, fat face in colour; his hair, too, was drab, and his hat was drab; his features were those of a young pig; and his recreation through the day was sucking barley-sugar, to which he perpetually kept helping himself from a neat, white paper parcel of the luscious commodity, which he had placed in the pocket of the coach window.

There was one other passenger to take up, and I began wondering what it would be like, and whether it would be male or female, old or young, handsome or ugly, when my speculations were speedily terminated by the arrival of an extremely delicate, pretty woman, attended by her maid. The lady was dressed in the extreme of plainness, and yielded the palm of gaiety to her *soubrette*, who mounted by the side of Mr. Goodman, at the moment that her mistress placed herself next my pig-faced friend and opposite to me.

It does not require half a second of time to see and know and understand what sort of woman it is who is thus brought in juxtaposition with one. The turn of her mind may be ascertained by the way she seats herself in her corner; her dispositions, by the look she gives to her companions; and her character—but perhaps that may require a minute or two more.

The lady in question cast a hasty glance around her, merely, as it should seem, to ascertain if she were personally acquainted with any of her companions. She evidently was not; and her eyes sank from the inquiring gaze around the party upon a black silk bag which lay on her lap. She was about four or five-and-twenty; her eyes were blue and her hair fair; it hung carelessly over her forehead, and the whole of her costume gave evidence of a want of attention to what is called "setting one's self off to the best advantage."—She was tall—thin—pale; and there was a sweet expression in her countenance which I shall never forget; it was mild and gentle, and seemed to be formed to its plaintive cast by suffering—and yet why should one so lovely be unhappy?

As the clock struck, we started. The sudden turn of the team round the corner of North-street and Church-street brought a flush of colour into her cheeks; she was conscious of the glow which I was watching; she seemed ashamed of her own timidity. She looked up to see if she was observed; she saw she was, and looked down again.

All this happened in the first hundred and seventy yards of a journey of fifty-two miles and a half.

My pig-faced friend, who sucked his barley-sugar sonorously, paid little attention to any body, or any thing, except himself; and, in pursuance of that amiable tenderness, pulled up the window at his side. The lady, like the beau in the fur coat, laid her delicate head back in the corner of the coach, and slept, or seemed to sleep.

The horror I felt lest my pig-faced friend should consider it necessary to join in any conversation which I might venture to originate with my unknown beauty opposite, kept me quiet; and I "ever and anon" looked anxiously towards his vacant features, in hopes to see the two grey unmeaning things which served him for eyes, closed in a sweet and satisfactory slumber. But no; although he spoke not, and, if one may judge by countenances, thought not, still he kept awake and ready, as it should seem, to join in a conversation which he had not courage to begin.

And so we travelled on, and not one syllable was exchanged until we reached Crawley.—There my heart was much relieved. At Handscross we had dropped the cornet with the tufts; horses were ready to convey him to some man's house to dinner; and, when we were quitting Crawley, I saw my excellent demolisher of barley-sugar mount a regular Sussex buggy, and export himself to some town or village out of the line of our road.

I here made a small effort at ice-breaking with my delicate companion, who consorted with her maid at one end of the room, while I, with one or two more sensualists from the outside, was refreshing myself with some cold fowl and salad. I ventured to ask her whether she would allow me to offer her some wine and water. Hang it, thought I, if we stand upon gentility in a stage coach journey, smart as the things are, we shall never part sociably. She seemed somewhat of the same opinion, for she smiled. I shall never forget it: it seemed on her placid countenance, like sunshine amidst showers—she accepted my proffered draught.

"I rather think," said I, "we shall travel alone for the rest of the journey—our communicative friends have left us."

She made no answer; but from the sort of expression which passed over her features, I was very sorry I had made the remark. I was in the greatest possible alarm lest she should require the presence of her maid to play propriety; but no, she had no such notion.

A summons from Mr. Goodman soon put the party in motion, and in a few minutes we were again on our journey—the dear interesting creature and myself *tete-a-tete*.

"Have you been long at Brighton?" said I.

"Some time," replied the lady—"some months indeed." Here came a pause.

"You reside in London, I presume?" said I.

"In the neighbourhood," replied the lady; at the same time drawing off the glove of her left hand (which, by the way, was as white as snow,) to smooth one of her eyebrows, as it appeared by what she actually did with it, but as I thought, to exhibit to my sight, the golden badge of union which encircled its third finger.

"And," said I, "have you been living alone at Brighton so long?"

"Oh, no!" said the stranger; "my husband has only left me during the last few weeks, and has now summoned me home, being unable to rejoin me on the coast."

"Happy man!" said I, "to expect such a wife."

Now there did not seem much in this common place bit of folly, for I meant it for little else than jest, to summon up a thousand feelings, and excite a thousand passions—to raise a storm, and cause a flood of tears. But so it was—my companion held down her head to conceal her grief, and the big drops fell from her beautiful eyes.

"Good God!" said I, "have *I* said any thing to induce this emotion?—what have I done?—forgive me—believe me, if I have erred, it has been unintentionally—I—"

"Don't speak to me," said the sufferer—"it is not *your* fault—you are forgiven—my heart is full, very full—and a word that touches the chord which vibrates to its very centre, sadly affects me—pray—pray, let go my hand—and believe me I am not angry with you—I am to blame."

"But," said I—not implicitly obeying the injunction about letting go her hand; because what harm can holding a hand do?—"you must be more explicit before I can be satisfied with forgiveness—you have occasioned an interest which I cannot control, you have excited feelings which I cannot subdue—I am sure you are unhappy, and that I have referred to something which——"

"Pray, pray ask me nothing," said my agitated companion; "I have betrayed myself—but I am sure, quite sure," added she—and I *do* think I felt a sort of gentle pressure of my hand at the moment—"that you will not take advantage of a weakness of which I ought to be ashamed."

"You may rely upon me," said I, "that so far as you may choose to trust me, you are safe; and you may believe, that any anxiety I may express to know more of [illegible] you, [illegible] which you had excited even before you spoke."

"What would you think of a woman," said she, "who should open her heart to a stranger? or, what sympathy could sorrows excite, which might be told by her after an hour's acquaintance? No, no, let me remain unknown to you, as I am. Let us talk on ordinary topics, and let us part friends—but not to meet again."

Not much in the habit of making conquests, and not being of that particular "shape and make" to be fallen in love with, at first sight, I confess this appeal seemed extraordinary. It was clear, from whatever cause arising I could not pretend to divine, that I had somehow prepossessed my companion in my favour; and certainly, if any thing in the world could have induced me to resolve to meet this interesting creature again, and again, it was her expressed desire that such a thing should not occur. I wonder if she anticipated the effect of her prohibition when she announced it!

"Friends!" said I, "why should we not part friends? Why should we not live friends? Let me implore you, tell me more of yourself—that is all I ask."

"Good God!" said she, raising her blue eyes towards Heaven, "is it possible that my pride and spirit should be so broken, so worked upon, that I could consent to admit of such a conversation with a stranger? How strangely do events operate upon the human mind!"

"Gentle spirits should be gently treated," said I. "I fear some rude hand has broken in upon the rest that beings like you should enjoy?"

"Oh," said she, "if I could tell you—and I believe I must—to justify myself for conduct which must appear to you so wild, so extraordinary, so unbecoming—oh why, why did those people leave us together?"

I said nothing to this, because I could not exactly guess why they did; but that they had done so, I confess, I did not so much regret as my companion *said* she did.

"If my poor mother could look from heaven," said she, "and see me degraded as I am, what would she think of all the love and care expended upon me in my infancy and youth?"

This last touch was rather wounding to my vanity; because, although the lady might consider herself somewhat let down in the world by travelling in a stage-coach, I thought it a little uncivil to refer to the circumstance while I was her fellow-passenger.

"If," said I, "you will so far trust me as to confide your sorrows to me, I pledge myself to secrecy, and even to pursue any course which you may suggest for relieving them."

"My story is brief," said my companion; "promise me not to refer to it at any future period during my life—that is, if we should ever meet after to-day, and I *will* trust you."

Here the pressure of the hand was unequivocal; and by a corresponding, yet perhaps more fervent token, I sealed the compact between us.

"I am the daughter," said she, "of a general officer, who with my exemplary mother resided chiefly in Somersetshire. The cares and attention of my parents were affectionately devoted to the education and improvement of their only child, and I became, as they have a thousand times said, the blessing of their declining years. I was scarcely seventeen when I lost my father, and his death produced not only a change of circumstances in our family, but a change of residence. My mother and myself removed to Bath. There we resided until we were induced to visit the Continent, where—I am ashamed to go on—a nobleman became my avowed admirer, and made me an offer of marriage. His rank was exalted, his fortune large, but I could not love him: was I wrong in refusing to marry him?"

"Assuredly not," said I, amazed at the animation which sparkled in eyes that lately flowed with tears, while she referred to the proper feeling and spirit she had exhibited in refusing a man she could not love.

"That refusal," continued the lady, "my poor mother could not forgive; she never did forgive it, and I believe that her anger is still over me, for what I have since suffered seems like a curse. My mother's disapprobation of my refusal of this desirable match had a complicated origin. She believed, and rightly too, that I discarded her favourite, not only upon the negative feeling of indifference or dislike towards him, but because I secretly preferred another. She was right—"

"And you——"

"Stay," interrupted she—"hear me out—as I have begun, you shall know all. I did love another, a being all candour, openness, honour, and principle; talented, accomplished, gay, full of feeling, and generous to a fault. His name my mother would not hear me mention. She expelled him our house, excluded him from my society. What then?—trick and evasion on my part supplanted obedience and sincerity. The house of a friend afforded opportunities for our meeting which my own denied—my youthful spirit could not bear restraint—we eloped and were married."

"And thus you secured your happiness," said I.

"Happiness!" said my companion; and never shall I forget the expression of bitterness, sorrow, and remorse which animated her countenance as she pronounced the word. "Misery—misery beyond redemption! My mother died two years after my ill-fated union with the man of my choice; and died without forgiving me my sad error. 'No,' said my angry parent; 'she has chosen her course and must follow it, and when I am in my cold grave she will repent, and I hope be forgiven.'"

"But how were your prospects of happiness blighted?" said I.

"Ah!" said my companion, "there is the point—there is the story which I dare not tell. Can I betray my husband? Can I accuse him? Can I commit him to a stranger?"

"Being to a stranger," said I, "and one who, according to your own commands, is likely to remain a stranger to him always, you surely may."

"Then hear me," said the lady: "we had scarcely been married three years when, by some fatality to me wholly unaccountable, he became infatuated by a woman—woman I must call her—who led him into gaieties without his wife; who, fascinated by his agreeable qualities, became the monarch of his affections, the controller of his actions, and who, not satisfied with others attracting him from his home and all its ties, excited in his breast the fiercest jealousy against me."

"Shocking!" said I; and I thought so as I looked at the bewitching creature; not but that I must confess I did not see the entire impossibility of the existence of causes for her husband's apprehension, considering the confidential manner in which she communicated all her sorrows to me.

"Treatment the most barbarous followed this," said my companion; "a disbelief in my assertions, expressed contemptuously, marked all his answers to any request I made to him. The actions and conduct of my life were examined and discussed, until at length he sent me to the coast to live under the roof of his mother, while he was constantly domesticated with the vile partner of his gaieties and dissipations. Is not this enough to break a heart, or is it not enough to drive a woman to the commission of the very crimes with which she finds herself unjustly charged?"

Upon this last part of my fair friend's inquiry as to the *lex talionis*, I could have but one opinion to give, and agreed cordially in her view of a case to which, as it appeared to me, she had devoted some considerable portion of her attention.

"But," said I, "you are now returning home?"

"I am," replied the lady; "because the rival I am doomed to bear with is no longer in London, and because the avocations of my husband will not permit him to visit Paris, whither she is gone. He thinks I am ignorant of all this, and thinks that I am a dupe to all his artifices: and why should I undeceive him?"

"This rival," said I, "must be a very potent personage, if *you* are unable to break the charm which fascinates your husband, or dispel the influence which she has over him. You *must* have the power, if you have the will to do so."

"No," said she; "my power is gone—his heart is lost to me, and is inaccessible by me. Oh! from him—from him whose soul was mine, but whose mind is steeled and poisoned against me!—No human being can tell what I have suffered—what I do suffer!"

It was clear I had now arrived at the conclusion of the story; all that remained was to make the application, or deduce the moral; and, I honestly confess, it appeared to me, that notwithstanding the object of her journey from her mother-in-law's house at Brighton was to rejoin her spouse in London, she would gladly have availed herself of any seasonable opportunity of changing the place of her destination. In fact, I had involved myself more deeply than I anticipated, for, having become a *confidante*, and having volunteered being a cavalier, I apprehended that in a minute or two I should be called forth as a champion, and, like another knight-errant, have the outraged Damosel placed under my especial care.

I confess I was now rather anxious to ascertain who my fair friend was, and what her surname—her christian name I had discovered to be Fanny. This discovery I made when she was recapitulating, more at length than I have thought it necessary to do, the dialogues between herself and her late respectable mother, in which I observed that, speaking in the maternal character, she called herself by that pretty and simple name, which never was better suited to a human being than herself. The animation and exertion of talking, and the excitement to which part of her narrative had given rise, together with the effect of the air on a delicate skin, had lighted up her sweet countenance, and I was just on the point of taking a very decisive step in the affair, when the coach suddenly stopped and the door being opened, a portly lady, with a band-box, and a bouquet as big as a gooseberry-bush, picked on purpose for her, as she told us, was squeezed by the high-pressure power of Mr. Goodman's right hand into the coach. She was followed by a pale faced girl of about ten years of age, with a smaller-sized bouquet, a basket-full of sweetheart-cakes, and a large phial full of weak red wine and water.

That I was sorry for the interruption I must candidly admit; but if the new-comers had been quiescent, it would have been more bearable, as I might have had time and leisure to consider what I had heard, and revolve in my mind not only the sad case of the fascinating creature before me, but to decide as to what step I myself should take, when we came to the place of parting.

It is curious to see how soon a feeling of sympathy, or congeniality, or whatever else it may be, renders strangers intimate; and when that sort of intimacy has begun, how it continues and shows itself by comparison with the conduct observed to the next strangers who appear. I and my fair friend were upon such good terms with each other, and so distant to the people who had just joined us, that the big lady and the little girl no doubt took us, if not for man and wife, at least for intimates of many years' standing: and then to see, the moment they came in, the care with which my fellow traveller put her bonnet straight and pulled her tippet round her, and put her bag in order, just as if she were before company!—The contrast was very flattering to me, and so might have been much more of her conversation, but that she maintained it, in a low tone, so as not to be heard by the strangers, forgetting, I conclude, that the pitch of voice which rendered it inaudible to them, left me equally ill-informed.

"Pray, sir," said the big lady, "when does this here coach git to the Olephant and Castle?"

"At a little past eight," said I.

"We goes through Kinnington, I believe," said the lady.

"We do."

"If it is quite agreeable, sir," continued the awful dame, "to your good lady to have that ere window up, I should be uncommon obligated, because my little Emily Lawinia is just out of the scarlet fever, and I am afeard of her taking could."

The combination of blunders in this little speech set the late weeping Fanny into a laugh; for there was in the corner of her eye that playful sparkle which no grief can quite subdue. She was as readily alive to fun as assailable by sorrow; and so it is with all people who feel strongly; for, as Moore says, in one of his melodies,

"The heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,
Is always the first to be touched by the thorns."

The plump lady, however, found that she had made some mistake; and not at all taking into the account that people in general do not very much approve of shutting themselves up in a coach, hermetically sealed, with patients in the scarlet fever, set me and my "good lady" down as two proud conceited upstarts, and revenged herself, to our utter dismay, by dissipating the sorrows of silence, in enjoying the solace of peppermint lozenges, one of which she herself took, and administered another to her darling pet on the opposite seat; so that while my companion was gratified by the redolence of the fragrant herb, through the medium of the old lady, I was indulged by the more active and efficient exertions of the living anatomy next her.

The coach rattled on, and I beheld my opposite neighbour no longer as a stranger. She leaned forward just as we passed Kennington turnpike, and asked me whether I went on to Charing Cross, or left the coach at the Elephant and Castle. I told her that I stuck by the ship to the last, and hoped she would permit me to assist her in securing her luggage. It was at this period, in the midst of the jangle of the vehicle, and the clatter of the macadamised road, that I endeavoured to induce her to tell me her name. This she positively refused. Then I looked about for the superscription of a letter, which sometimes very inflexible ladies let slip; and thus, one gets in a moment, accidentally, what worlds would not tempt them deliberately to disclose; but no, it was too dark to read writing; yet I was so convinced that she actually held a card ready to give me, that I endeavored gently to force her delicate right hand open, in order to obtain the desired information. But I found I was wrong; she seemed determined, either that I should know nothing more of her, or if I did, that I should at least have the trouble or pleasure, as the case might be, of hunting after my intelligence.

Failing in the main point of my inquiries, I endeavoured to ascertain what part of London she resided in, and tried every street, square, row and corner, from Grove-road, Paddington, to Dog-row, Whitechapel, in order to excite an affirmative nod, and one of those bewitching smiles which I began to love—but no. Well, thought I, the time must come when you must go, and then I shall follow; and so, if you choose to be silent and uncommunicative, and dignified and disagreeable, I can be revenged upon you; not that I could believe a woman who would generously confide the sorrows of her heart to a man, could be ill-natured enough to withhold the trifling addition of telling him where that heart was doomed to beat.

The moment arrived, and we reached the Elephant and Castle. The sudden check of Goodman's team took my poor Fanny by surprise, and threw her forward, so as to bring her somewhat in contact with myself; but the lamps of the coach had been lighted at Smiteer's-bottom, and we were in the dark, compared with objects without; and never shall I forget the hurried scramble into which she "righted herself," as her eye glanced on a countenance outside the carriage, brightly illuminated by the lamp on that side—she seemed thunderstruck.

"My God!" said she, "here's Charles!"

"Who the devil is Charles?" said I.

"Hush!—my husband," replied the lady, "he's coming—I'm so glad these people are in the coach."

The door opened, and a hand was introduced. "Fanny!" said the master of that hand, in a soft tone of endearment.

"Here I am, love," said my companion.

"Alone!—what—quite full?" said the husband.

"Yes dear," said the wife, "and so tired. I never was so glad to get out of a coach in my life."

In a moment I thought I recognized the voice of the husband. I coiled myself into the corner. She would have got out without my being be[illegible] the deuce had she taken it off? A light was sent for, and the moment it came, I beheld, in the object of all my indignation, and the cause of all her sorrow—the oldest friend of my life—Charles Franklin.

"Why," exclaimed he, the moment he recognized me, "is that you!—fellow traveller with my wife, and not known to each other. This is curious!"

"Franklin," said I, in a sort of tremor.

"Do you know my husband, sir?" said the lady—"how very strange!"

Yes, thought I, I wish it were impossible.

"I have not seen you these ten years," said Franklin. "Come home with us—you must and shall—I——"

"Indeed," said I—"I——"

"Oh, come, come," said Franklin, "you can have no engagement—you shall have no engagement to supersede this. I rejoice in having found you after so long a separation"—and then Mr. Franklin introduced me to his wife in due form, much to the astonishment of our fellow travellers, at the other side of the coach, who concluded, by what they had seen, as indeed they had shown by what they had said, that we were, if actually not man and wife, two of the oldest and most intimate possible friends.

I have a melting heart in the way of a proposition from a friend, especially when it is made under extraordinary circumstances, like those preceded Franklin's; but altogether, I sincerely declare that I never was more embarrassed in my existence. I still wished to see the adventure through, and behold my Niobe in her own domicil. I looked to my charming companion for a telegraphic signal. If she had frowned a negative, I should have repeated the signal, and strenuously declined going; but by the glare of the lamp at the inn door, I thought I saw affirmative in the glance of her eye, which induced me to believe that my visit would not annoy her; and so, really, rather than doom her to a *tete-a-tete* with her tyrant—though he was my friend—I consented to put myself in a position as irksome almost as position could be.

We left the coach—my trips from Brighton being periodical and frequent, I had no luggage, and we proceeded, with the maid and the band-boxes, to my friend's house—of course I shall be excused mentioning the locality—but it was one of the prettiest *bijoux* I ever saw: good taste predominated in every part of its decorations, and I soon discovered, by certain drawings, which were pendent on the walls, that my fair companion was an artist, while the piano forte and harp bespoke her, (as she had indeed informed me she was,) accomplished in other sciences.

After a suitable delay of preparation, such as taking off things, and refreshing, and all that, our dinner was served—nothing could be nicer or neater.

"Fanny, dearest," said Franklin, "let me give you this wing; I know, my life, you like it."

"No Charles, dear, not a bit more, thank you," said Fanny.

"Come, love, a glass of wine with me," said Charles, "'tis an old fashion, but we have been apart some weeks, so our friend will excuse it."

"To be sure he will," said Fanny, and they drank to each other with looks admirably suited to the action.

"How strange it is," said Franklin, "that after so long a separation we should meet in this extraordinary manner, and that Fanny should not have found you out, or that you should not have discovered her?"

"Why, my dear Charles," said Mrs. Franklin, strangers do not talk to each other in stage coaches."

"Very true, my angel," said Mr. Franklin, "but some accident might have brought your name to his ears, or his to yours."

While all this was going on, I sat in a state of utter amazement. Charles Franklin and I had been schoolfellows, and continued friends to a certain period of life; he was all that his wife had described him to be, in the earlier part of his life, but I confess I saw none of the heartlessness, the suspicion, the neglect, the violence, the inattention of which she also spoke; nor did I perceive, in the bright animated look of pleasure which beamed over her intelligent countenance, the slightest remains of the grief and sorrow by which she had been weighed down on the journey.

"Do you feel tired, my Fanny?" said Franklin.

"No, dear, replied the lady, "not very, now, but those coaches are so small when there are four people in them, that one gets cramped."

Here I felt a sort of tingling sensation behind my ears, anticipatory of what appeared to me to be a very natural question on the part of Franklin, as to whether we had been full during the whole journey; Mrs. Franklin however, saw in a moment the false move she had made, and therefore directed the thoughts of her barbarous husband from the subject, by telling him she had a letter for him from dear mamma—meaning his mother, under whose surveillance she had been forcibly immured at Brighton.

About this period, Fanny retired, and proceeded to the drawing-room, cautioning us as she departed, "not to be long." Charles flew to the door, and opened it for his departing fair—he accompanied her beyond its threshold, and I thought I heard a sound of something very like a kiss, as they parted.

"How strange it is," said he, resuming his seat, and pushing the wine towards me, "that you should have thus accidentally fallen in with Fanny!—she is very pretty; don't you think so?"

"More than pretty," surely said I; "there is an intelligence, an expression, a manner about her, to me quite captivating."

"If you were present when she is animated," said her husband, "you would see that playfulness of countenance, or rather the variety of expression, to advantage; her mind lights up her features wonderfully; there is no want of spirit about her, I can assure you."

"I was quite surprised when I heard of your elopement," said I.

"Her mother," said Charles, "an old woman as proud as Lucifer, was mad after a title for her, and some old broken down Lord had been wheedled, or coaxed, or cajoled, or flattered into making her an offer, which she would not accept, and then the old lady led her such a life, that she made up her mind to the step which made her mine."

"And ensured your happiness," said I.

"Why, yes," said Franklin, "upon my word, taking all things into the scale, I see no cause to repent the step. Between ourselves—of course I speak as an old friend—Fanny has not the very best temper in the world, and of late has taken it into her head to be jealous. An old acquaintance of mine, whom I knew long before I was married, has been over here from France, and I have been a good deal about with her, during her stay; and as I did not think her quite a person to introduce to Fanny, she took huff at my frequent absence from home, and begun to play off a sort of retaliation, as she fancied it, with a young lieutenant of Lancers, of our acquaintance. I cut that matter very short; I proposed an excursion to Brighton, to visit my mother, to which she acceded, and when I had settled her out of reach of her young hero, and under the eye of my mamma, I returned to fulfil my engagements in London. And now that this fair obstacle to her happiness, has returned to the continent, I have recalled my better half."

"You seem, however, to understand each other pretty well," said I.

"To be sure," replied Charles, "the only point is to keep her in good humour, for, *entre nous*, her temper is the very devil—once know how to manage that, and all goes well, and I flatter myself I have ascertained the mode of doing that to a nicety."

Whether it was that Fanny was apprehensive that, under the genial influence of her husband's wine, or upon the score of old friendship, I might let slip some part of the day's adventure, I know not, but we were very early summoned to coffee, and I confess I was by no means displeased at the termination of a conversation, which every moment I expected would take some turn that would inevitably produce a recurrence to the journey, and perhaps, eventually, tend to be-

We repaired to the drawing room. Fanny was reclining on the sofa, looking as fascinating as ever I saw a lady look.

"Charles, dearest," said she, I thought you would never come up; you and your friend must have had something very interesting to talk about, to detain you so long."

"We did'nt think it long, Fan," said Charles, "because we really were talking on a very interesting subject—we were discussing you."

"Oh, my dear Charles!" exclaimed the lady, "you flatter me; and what did he say of me?" said she, addressing me.

"That," said I, "I cannot tell you; I never betray any thing that is told me in confidence."

Her looks explained that she was particularly glad to hear me say so, and the smile which followed, was gracious in the extreme.

"Now," said Charles, "that you have thus strangely found your way here, I hope we shall see you often."

"And I hope so, too," said Mrs. Franklin; "I really believe sometimes that things, which we blind mortals call chance, are preordained. I was not coming by the coach in which I met you, nor should I have been in it, if the other coach had not been full, and then—"

"I should have lost the pleasure," said I, "of seeing an old friend enjoying the delights of domestic happiness."

Here Fanny gave me a look, expressive of the perfect misery of her condition; and Charles, whose back was turned towards us at the instant, in coming up the room again, while her back was turned to him, made a sort of face, something between the sorrowful and the grotesque, which I shall never forget, but which indicated, most unequivocally, what his feelings on the subject were.

Shortly after this, the happy pair began to be so excessively kind and tender to each other, that I thought it was quite time to beat a retreat, and accordingly took my leave, earnestly pressed by both parties to repeat my visit as often as I could, and to let them see as much of me as possible. I returned them my warmest thanks for their kindness, but named no day for my return, and wished them good night.

I have not been there since. I called indeed once, and Charles called on me, but I have been little in London during the last season, and they have been much in the country. I could not have equitably maintained an intimacy with them, for I felt that neutrality would be quite out of the question; thus, although the occurrence of my old friendship with Charles Franklin has been productive of no very satisfactory results, as relate to ourselves personally, it has given me an additional light in my path through the world, and now, whenever I see a picture of perfect happiness presented to my eyes, affection on one side, and devotion on the other, assiduity met by kindness, and solicitude repaid with smiles, instead of feeling my heart glow with rapture at the beautiful scene before me, I instantly recollect that I once travelled to London in the *Brighton Coach.*

I LOVE MY LOVE!

I love my Love—I love her true,
As faithful as the star
Yields its steady light,
In the darkling night,
To the ocean's mariner.
I love my love!

I love my love—I love her true,
I love her fondly,—well
And eyes, though weak,
Yet language speak,
And her own pure heart's thoughts tell,
She loves as well!

I love my love—ah! should I e'er
Forsake her radiant shrine;
May misery
Await on me,
Sweet peace be never mine.
I love my love!

I love my love—no idle flame,
No soulless passion ours;
But holy truth
Enshrined in youth,
Whose path is strew'd with flowers;
Our hopes and our joys mount on life's buoyant wave,
Together arise, and both sink in one grave!

The virtues are all parts of a circle. Whatever is humane, is wise; whatever is wise, is just; whatever is just and humane, will be found to be the interest of States, whether criminals or foreign enemies be the objects of legislation.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

THE CAGED BIRD.

Sweet Bird! I fain would set thee free,
Prisons are gloomy things to me;
Thy notes, so soft, so sweet, so clear,
They please, and yet they pain my ear!

In sweetest strains they seem to tell
Of distant bowers, where kindred dwell;
Of towering rocks; of limpid streams;
Of shady groves; and sunny beams;

Of nests,—(the work of mutual care,)
And of the love existing there:
And then, I seem to hear thee say,
"Those joys from me are far away!

"I never yet have stretch'd my wing
Beyond the cage in which I sing;
Though form'd by Nature to be free,
Yet am I bound by Man's decree.

The notes I pour into his ear,
Serve but to keep me faster here;
He sees me prune my little wing,
Yet smiles when to the wires I cling.

Though nature shews to every eye
That wings were given birds to fly;
Yet Nature, Sympathy, and Love
All fail the tyrant man to move."

Sweet Bird! As thou hast ne'er been free
Nor shar'd the bliss of Liberty,
Some bitter pangs escape thy breast
And thus thou partially art blest.

Yet let not man his guilt conceal
If others' pangs thou dost not feel;
If Nature 'stronger than his power)
Gives in the cage a *joyful hour*.

Wert thou incapable of joy,
That thought would all my pain destroy;
But thy capacity, to me
Proclaims *thy right to Liberty*.

Cages are not to bird's confin'd,
Tyrants there are who cage the mind,
Mark out its limits, and decree
The mind of man shall not be free.

J. W.

EVERARD GRAHAM.—A PRIZE TALE.

BY WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK, OF PHILADELPHIA.

"Take back the bowl—take back the bowl—
Reserve it for polluted lips:—
I would not bow a stainless soul,
Beneath its dark and foul eclipse!"
John Greenleaf Whittier.

There are evils in the earth, upon which the eloquence of the Orator, the lyre of the Poet, and the deep and over-wrought touches of the pencil and the pen, have dwelt almost in vain. In their description, the wealth of language is turned into penury;—the darkest drain of anguish and distress, but faintly shadows forth the stern and moving reality. The strong and emphatic language of Holy Writ, the burning words of David and of Solomon, are almost impuissant when they are employed in painting the awful horrors of infidel unbelief, and that destruction of the body and soul which follows in the train of Protean Drunkenness.

Infidelity and Intemperance go hand in hand. They bid the spirit of youth bow down at an unholy shrine; and the sweetest affections, the dearest hopes and fondest visions of earth are offered up as incense to the mysterious divinity of Unbelief. This is no ideal picture; the wide world is full of the afflictions that are summoned up like clouds around the devious pathway of the Blasphemer and the Drunkard. The red wine brightens alluringly in the goblet; the shadowy illusions of the sceptic come but for a little season with a soothing unction to his mind; but anon there steals to the one, the wormwood dregs of bitter regret; to the other, the clouds which obscure the sunshine of hope; which spread a mournful curtain over the beautiful scenes of human existence, and create unutterable forebodings of that undiscovered country beyond the land of Death.

I have little hope that the Tale which I am about to relate, will cause any to release the deped in the empyreal fire of heaven, that I might show the light which they reject who turn from the word of inspiration. I would I might gather upon canvass, the darkness of the midnight cloud, and the fierce lightning of the tempest: I would form a panorama of terrors, which should shadow forth to the mad votary of Bacchus, and the victim of Unbelief, the abyss of destruction upon which they are rushing; which should say to them, "Turn ye at my reproof, and heed not the song of the charmer, charm he never so wisely."

It was a stormy evening in January, 18—, when my friend Everard Graham and myself were seated by our comfortable grate, in the seminary of G——. The coal was reddening behind the bars of its prison; and the cheerfulness of our little room was enhanced by the storm without. We had but lately come up from recitations and prayers in the chapel, and had for some time been seated in silence, each indulging in our respective thoughts. The snow came pattering gently against the windows; and by way of beguiling the time, I arose and breathed upon a pane, and wrote thereon my humble initials.—Without, the scene was troublous and uninviting. The wide stretching inland was obscured by the thick wing of the wintry tempest; the wild anthem of the night-wind was loud and dissonant; and I soon found that the shadows of the scene around me, were gathering over my mind. My thoughts went forth amidst the curtained skies of Evening, and mighty ideas of infinity and boundless space—the mystery of the air—the distance whence the little motes of snow had fallen; and I was absorbed in meditation.

I was roused from my reverie by the entrance of a lad bearing a letter. I stepped forward;—it was for my friend. His large hazle eye was lit up pleasantly, and a kindly smile of unwonted delight passed over his brow and cheek. He had for some days been moody and restless;—and I marked his emotions of pleasure with a lively enjoyment, to which an instant before I was a stranger.

"This is the most lucky moment to receive a letter that I ever experienced," said Graham indulging in that laugh which comes from the heart. "You see," said he, "that it is from a woman;—the *primæ mulieris* of my affections. But I belie her; she is not a woman; in the general acceptation of the term—she is an angel."

I glanced at the letter as he extended it to me; and the direction was really most beautiful. The blue surface of the epistle seemed to have just passed from beneath the hands of the copper-plate printer. "You see," said Graham, "that it is beautiful; now let me read it; and as you are my confidant, I will show you the Alpha and the Omega of it." He broke the seal; it began with "*Dearest* Everard," and closed with "Forever your's, Emilie Barton."

"You are not entitled to further freedom," said my friend: "Now, go meditate, and let my greedy eyes 'devour up her discourse:' or, seeing your curiosity is awakened, I will give you her picture, 'for you to look upon,' as the Primer hath it."

He drew from his bosom a miniature, suspended by a golden chain: "There," said he, "is one half of my heart. It is the long lapse of time since I have heard from the dear girl, that has given me the *blues* so of late."

I took the miniature; and never shall I forget the unsullied and perfect beauty that then dawned upon me. The stainless brow was shaded with rich clusters and braids of hair, of the colour of gold in shadow; the eye was mild and blue; but about the sweet lips, that seemed the balmy prison gates of delicious kisses, and the dimpled and rose-leaf cheek, there played such a pure and sanctified smile, that the picture seemed to be instinct with the life of heaven. I was dumb with exquisite admiration;—and I seemed to be surrounded by the perfect presence of Venus. Little did I imagine, as I gazed upon that delicately moulded face, that the clouds of early sorrow would so soon overshadow the fair brow; that the white-robed bosom would so soon yearn with the pangs of unrequited affection; that the azure eye and matchless cheek would be dimmed and stained with tears shed in secret;—that they would be deluged with the bitter waters of a bursting heart! But let me not anticipate.

Half an hour passed without a word having been spoken by either of us. The reflections which the picture had conjured up, kept me silent; and Graham read and read his letter, without noticing my pleasurable reverie. At length he said—"Well, you seem half intoxicated; are you dizzy with rapture? I assure you, if you feel any sensation from that little counterfeit, how could you gaze on the *original*? You would become an enthusiast and a worshipper at first sight, as I did. But I am *too jocose* for so sacred a theme: and my pleasure is already damped by the reflection, that my *spirituelle* has, ere this, left America, in the packet of the 16th, for England. A vast estate has fallen to her father, there; and he, with his whole family, have repaired from Barton Hill to Ludgate Hill, or some other hill of London. Cruel girl: She was too affectionate to endure the emotions of a farewell, and wrote me late, in consequence. She has quoted Scripture to me in her epistle;—something odd for her; but it is certainly expressive. She is not aware that I eschew the whole of that Book which she holds so sacred. But we will not jar each other on that topic. I shall see her by June, in the British metropolis! I might as well make my couch on that ardent grate, as to remain where she is not."

I returned to him the treasure he had shown me: and if I indulged in unmingled encomium upon its pervading loveliness, I trust it was not undeserved or hypercritical.

The eye of my friend glistened with gratification.

"There is never a sweet without its bitter," he said; "often when that beloved girl and I have walked along the vernal shore of the lake which stretches along by the mansion of her father, as I gazed upon her speaking eye and sinless brow, I have thought myself utterly unworthy of her affection. She is too full of etherial purity for my guilt-tainted soul. *You know*, what *she* does not, that I am a sceptic. Her ductile and elastic spirit is full of praise to God when she looks upon his works. Often has she spoke to me of the mercies of heaven, in making us so supremely happy in our love: and, like all her sex, her woman's heart seems to forbode evil from the transitory nature of the things of this world. How many times, as we have reposed beneath the trellised vines of her father's garden, have I pressed her to my throbbing bosom, and kissed away the tears which sensibility had drawn to her cheek! But I am half-moralizing! It is a sombre theme, with all its delight: and I'll give it up for something more exhilarating.—Do you love Burgundy?"

As he made this interrogation, he went to his closet, and drew forth a bottle of the *materiel* therefrom; he cut the wax from its top, and drawing the long cork from a *locum tenens* which it had held while in the south of France, and while jilted upon the Atlantic, he filled a glass, and presenting it to me, filled another for himself. I refused his offer to renew my draught, and soon after retired.

When I awoke in the morning, the room was full of the smoke of the lamp; and Graham had not been in bed. The wine had disappeared from the bottle, and the lamp was upset from the miniature which he had laid upon the table, and it was broken. Graham was stupified with wine, and his face looked feverish and sick. The loss of his miniature was a source of deep regret;—and he lamented it as a fearful omen for the future.

Three months from that morning Graham sailed for England. His education was by no means complete; but he was the idol of an indulgent and wealthy father, who had long favoured his determination of making the tour of Europe. If I ever parted from a friend with regret, it was from Everard Graham. He had his faults; but maugre them all, I loved him. We vowed mutual and abiding friendship, and a constant correspondence; and as my design of visiting England was well known and approved of by my parents, I hesitated not to [illegible]

Two years after, during which time I had not heard a word from my friend, I was in London. I will not attempt to describe my feelings as our majestic vessel glided up the Thames. It was a beautiful day in September, when I first saw at a distance the great cloud of smoke which overhung the British capitol. Oddly enough, the weather was clear; and the yellow sun lit up the countless sails that were passing to and fro, with a singular beauty. In a short space, I found myself in Picket-street, in the neighbourhood of Waterloo Bridge and Temple Bar; anon, I was mingling with the restless crowd that moved along Fleet-street to Ludgate Hill. I soon saw St. Paul's—that mighty edifice, whose towering dome looks down upon the riches and poverty—the happiness and misery of nearly two millions of immortal souls.

I pass over the pleasure and the newness of enjoyment, with which I looked upon the wonders of London, after my letters of introduction had been honoured by my banker. It was to me a kind of epoch, when I first saw the *pave* of Regent-street Quadrant, and when I walked up Great Russell-street to Drury Lane Theatre. The inquiries I made among my friends for Graham, however, had all proved nearly ineffectual. He had brought introductory letters to some of them, and was known as a lounger at the New-England Coffee-House, previous to his leaving London for the Continent.

I was one day returning to my Hotel, after a visit to the famous Abbey of Westminster, when the thought struck me that I would return on the river. I accordingly chartered a small boat near Westminster-Stairs, requesting to be "set down" at Waterloo Bridge. Through the dulness of my Gondolier, who seemed a half-intoxicated, song-singing varlet, I was taken even past Blackfriars, and left at the foot of an obscure lane, leading into Thames-street, whose lamps, already lighted, were twinkling in the distance. The first large and heavy drops of an approaching thunder shower incited me to haste; and the vivid flashes of lightning that ever and anon darted athwart the gloom, were "spurs to prick the sides of my intent." I hurried on; but the storm had already burst above me; and in a moment of hesitation, I paused and knocked at the low door of an obscure and dingy dwelling, whence the only light issued that I had witnessed, since I left my tuneful Arion of the Thames. It was opened by a bloated, fierce looking female, who, in a gruff voice, asked me what I wanted? A loud peal of thunder drowned my reply. I pointed without; and the action seemed to content her. She marshalled me into a back-room, requesting me to step lightly as I entered. I followed her on tip-toe, and seated myself on a broken bench, by the dying embers of a flickering fire.

The apartment presented a cheerless picture of poverty and desolation. One or two mutilated chairs stood near a scantily-furnished table in the centre of the room. In one corner, on a low mat, lay a poor emaciated form, apparently groaning in a troubled sleep. I drew near, and as the woman re-entered with a lamp, I was struck with astonishment. The face was pale, but interesting; the eye-lids were of a dark purple, and the cheek hollow. Pressing his lips as if to nerve him to some imaginary conflict, he opened his eyes full upon me, as the light shone over his lowly pallet. Never shall I forget that look! The blood rushed rapidly to his high forehead—it retreated again to his heart, and left him deadly pale. He reached forth his hand, and in faltering accents pronounced my name. I looked for a moment in doubtful recognition; it was but for a moment: he pronounced the name of *Everard Graham.* My head grew dizzy—my sight failed me, and I was insensible.

When I recovered, my once high-souled and honourable friend was a lifeless corpse before me. The struggle had been two powerful for him to endure, and life had ceased in its mighty influence. I made inquiries of the unseemly being under whose roof I had taken shelter; and learned that he had, for the past two months, been an inmate of her miserable dwelling. His last half crown had been paid her the day before, and there remained no effects to compensate her for her attentions, if he had lived longer. There was only a packet in his hat, she said; and that she had made him a solemn promise to take to the London Post Office. She took down the hat, and handed me the packet. It was sealed with

irreclaimable sot. The weight of my crimes has recoiled back upon my heart, with a keen and undying retribution. I have sown the winds of intemperance and unbelief—I am reaping the whirlwinds of unutterable munition. The fires of agonizing remorse are burning in my blood; the monitory voice of a struggling conscience is thundering in my ears, and I experience the enkindled pangs of a mental *hell*. Oh, God! with what direful punishment have my iniquities overwhelmed me! But I must on.

You know the secret of my early love. You know the embarkation of Emile Barton for England, and that I followed her soon. Oh, that I could describe to you the Eden of happiness that dawned upon me the first summer I spent in England. We were married; and Time went by with his wings glittering in the pearls of hope, and his brow clothed in sunshine. We made a delightful tour on the Continent, and returned with joyful hearts to our metropolitan home; and a lovely daughter was at last the pledge of our affection. But in an evil hour, I surrendered myself to the demon of Drunkenness, and he bound my bosom in fetters of iron. I became a frequenter of the *Hells*, in St. James's; a tippler of Johnson's spirits, at the Surry Theatre, and a stranger to my home. I wasted all my patrimony, and the splendid estate of my kind Emile, in one short week, at the gaming-table. I reviled the Scriptures in her presence; I neglected our darling child;—in short, I became a madman.

I returned home one night and found the Bailiffs at my threshold. Our mansion in town was sold, and we rented a pleasant cottage in Hampsted. Here, if I had not been more remorseless than the grave, I should have paused upon my dark career. But I was too much depraved. I became more and more estranged from the angel of my youth. I repulsed her overflowing affection and saw her fading away under the influence of my cruelty. She had renounced fashionable life for my sake, and it had been our intention to return to America, whither her parents had already gone, expecting us soon to follow.

Let me be brief. As I opened, one moonlit evening the little gate that led up to our Hampsted residence, I saw my Emile leaning upon the shoulder of a young man, apparently weeping. A hellish suspicion that she had dishonoured me, rushed upon my brain; and stealthily approaching, I drew a stiletto from my bosom and stabbed her to the heart. She turned and fixed upon me a look of alternate surprise, reproach and forgiveness—shrieked, and fell lifeless at my feet.—It was her BROTHER.

I cannot long proceed. Since that fatal hour, I have been scorched with the lightnings of reproachful thought; I have been a scathed and skulking fugitive in the house of a miserable fish-woman. I have quaffed deeply of the delirious cup of intoxication; I have found its dregs to be gall and wormwood. My health is wasted—my hopes are dead;—and the earth seems yawning to clasp me to its icy bosom. Would that I were dead! Would to God, that I could find that annihilation in which I once believed, but for which I have long ceased to hope! Twice have I swallowed poison; the potent drug has laid harmless within me: and God still bids me live and suffer. My wife is buried in a quiet church-yard at Hamsted; and my weakness has at last prevented me from indulging the mournful office of weeping at midnight over her peaceful grave. My child still lives; and is the fair and sunny image of her sainted mother. If she ever visits America, and this should reach you, do not—oh! no not acquaint her with the unhappy fate of her parents; of that father who was a wretch,—of that spotless mother who loved me, 'not wisely, but TOO WELL.' I can—"

Here the Mss. ended. I give it to the reader as I received it. The next day the remains of Graham were interred in the Potter's Field of one of the Alms-houses, in Kingsland Road.

The little daughter of my lost friend, is with the parents of her mother, in America. She is the only light thrown upon the sombre history of her mother's sorrow, or her father's guilt.

Evening Post.

Circulation between nine and ten thousand papers weekly.

There were 71 deaths in this city during the past week; 8 of which were by consumption, and 9 by cholera morbus; 6 were from the alms house, and 9 were people of colour. Forty-two of the whole number—more than one-half—were under five years of age.

The New York City Inspector reports the [illegible] during the week ending on under the age of 1 year, 10 between [illegible]

Deaths in the city of Charleston, during the week ending the 12th inst. Whites, 2; blacks and coloured, 7. Total 9.

Deaths in the city of Boston, during the week, ending 18th inst. Males 9—Females 20.

The interments in Baltimore last week, amounted to 48—males 26—females 22—12 of whom were coloured persons.

It appears our good friend, Mrs. Royal, sustained a terrible calamity at the late fire at Fayettville, N. C. The whole bundle of her Southern Tour was burnt in the Lafayette Hotel. What a loss the world will sustain!

The Academy of Fine Arts will close for the season on Saturday, the 2d of July. All those who have not yet visited this splendid collection of art and genius, should early avail themselves of an opportunity to do so.

Mr. Jacob G. Collins was dangerously wounded by a man named Durben Brown, at Mobile, a few weeks since. Brown fired a gun loaded with shot at Collins.

Messrs. Sands and Neilson have issued proposals for publishing a new weekly Clay paper in the city of Baltimore.

On Wednesday evening, at the Walnut street theatre, as Mr. Parsloe, in the character of Mushapug, the monkey, was descending a rope, it unfortunately broke, and he fell to the floor, hurting himself seriously.

The commissioners for building a new prison in this county, offer a premium of one hundred dollars for the most approved plan with estimates.

The editor of the Washington Telegraph says it is almost certain that John C. Calhoun will be a candidate for the Presidency.

Gen. Garret D. Wall, of N. J. has accepted the invitation of the Cincinnati of that state, to deliver an address on the 4th of July, at Newark.

A strata or vein of stone has been discoverd in Newport township, Luzerne Co. Pa. which is supposed to be the real blue lime stone. A Kiln has been erected on the spot, and experiments will be made immediately to test its value.

A young man, about 18 years of age, named James Fouzier, was shockingly mangled by coming in contact with the Fly-wheel of the Steam-boat Argus, on her way from Maysville to Pittsburgh, a few days since. He was engaged in a playful scuffle, with one of his messmates, when the accident happened. It was found necessary to amputate one of his legs above the knee.

The barns of Messrs. W. McConnell and S. Porter, of Shippensburg, Pa. were destroyed by fire on the 9th inst. A large quantity of hay, grain, &c. was also consumed.

A promising young man, named MOSES PEFFER, was drowned on Friday week, while bathing in the Passaic river.

The Venango (Pa.) Democrat states that a few steady, industrious mechanics will find a good opening in that place. A tinner and coppersmith are particularly wanted.

At the Hunting Park Course, on Wednesday, Bullcalf, backed by Vanderbilt, trotted a mile in two minutes thirty-six seconds; the bet being that he should perform it in that time.

The store of Jonathan Roberts, in Leiperville, on the road between Philadelphia and Chester, was broken open and robbed, on Sunday night week. Goods to the amount of five or six hundred dollars were taken.

An order has been issued from the Navy Department at Washington, authorising commanders of Navy Yards, Stations and Cruising vessels, to pay all persons in the Naval Service, entitled to rations, who shall voluntarily relinquish the use of that part of them composed of spirits, the rate of six cents per ration.

Mr. James Harper, a promising young man, aged 25 years, fell from the top of a barn, which he was engaged in building, in the neighbourhood of Meadville, Pa. a few days since, and was instantly killed.

A lad named Franklin Gates, employed as a mail rider on the route from Natchez to Monticello, (Mi.) has been apprehended on suspicion of robbing the mail. A large sum of money was found about his person.

The Young Men of Boston recently convened in public meeting, and resolved to raise subscriptions for the purchase of two STANDARDS, with suitable inscriptions, to be presented to the gallant Poles. Resolutions were also passed, expressive of their approbation of the principles for which the Poles are contending, and of their sympathy for the sufferings of this unfortunate and oppressed people.

Mr. Ingham, late Secretary of the Treasury, arrived in this city on Thursday, on his way home.

An accident occurred on the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road, on the 18th instant, by which several persons were slightly injured. A car, propelled by two horses, was on the Rail Road between the Carrollton Viaduct and the Depot, containing seven individuals, who were thrown out by the car coming in contact with a cow, which attempted to cross the rail way. The animal was killed by the collision.

Mr. Samuel Crawford was blown up at one of the Quarries in Chester township, on the 20th inst., and so much injured that his life is despaired of.

The number of dogs taken up in this city, killed and buried, from May 7th to June 18th, was 303—about half of the number killed during the whole of last summer.

Upwards of one hundred thousand dollars have already been appropriated by the merchants and others of this city, with the design of building a splendid exchange.

A turn out for higher wages has taken place among the journeyman printers of New York, extending to most of the newspaper and book offices.

According to the National Intelligencer, the office of Attorney General is said to have been declined by Mr. G. M. Dallas, and to have been since offered to Mr. Taney of Maryland.

BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAIL-ROAD.—The second division of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, was completed on Wednesday last. "This division extends from Ellicott's mills to the fork of Patapsco, a distance of thirteen miles; and persons disposed to travel on the rail-road, may now extend their ride to the distance of twenty-six miles from Baltimore."

A large rattlesnake with nine rattles was killed in the neighbourhood of Pottsville, last week.

GYPSUM OR PLASTER OF PARIS.—History informs us that the utility of Gypsum for grass was first discovered in Germany by a laborer at the quarry; passing across a meadow to shorten the distance home, he discovered the luxuriance of the grass, where he had travelled, and imagining event answered his expectations.

VINEGAR, *alias* RUM.—Not long since, a trader, not fifty miles from our office, ordered several bbls. of rum from Boston. The packet master had been directed by his owners not to take ardent spirits on freight. The barrels were accordingly labelled *Vinegar*, to deceive the captain as to the contents. When the sloop arrived at her destined port, they were discharged into a scow, but while transporting them to the landing, the packet master suspected that the liquid contained in them had not undergone the acetous fermentation, and on examination found the contents to be *rum*; upon which he re-shipped them on board his vessel, and the next trip landed them safely on the wharf in Boston.—*Journal.*

The Centreville (Indiana) Times contains the following anecdote:

Remarkable conduct of a horse.—Mr. Israel Abrahams, in the vicinity of this town, has a horse that will, of his own accord, pump a sufficiency of water for all the other horses on the farm. We have witnessed him, when turned loose into the barn yard, go directly to the pump, take the handle between his teeth, and throw the water with as much force, and almost as much regularity as a man would, until he would pump enough for his companions and himself, when he would drink, and deliberately retire. No pains were ever taken, or means used, to learn him a business which proves a great accommodation to himself, and relieves his owner of considerable labour.

In a charge to a Grand Jury in Florida, we find the following remarks made by the Judge. It is not often that we see the profane swearer so pointedly rebuked from the Judicial Bench on occasions of this kind:

"I cannot forbear noticing, and calling your attention to an offence against the public morals, but too frequently practised by all classes in society: I mean the practice of profane swearing in common conversation. Of all the vices the wickedness and ingenuity of man have been able to invent, there is none that furnishes a more melancholy evidence of moral degradation and depravity of mind, than the practice of profane swearing in common conversation; because it is attended with no possible advantage or pleasure. The unchaste, the glutton, the drunkard, may plead in their behalf the pleasure resulting from sensual indulgence, and the strength of temptation, arising, perhaps from some constitutional bias—yet I do not hesitate to say that no person was ever yet born in the world with a propensity to profanity or blasphemy. The swearer is not influenced by the hope of profit, which animates the thief and gambler. Profanity leads to to lying, and the practice of lying is the high road to perjury."

OSBALDESTON, the owner of the American horses Rattler and Tom Thumb, offers to trot the former against any horse in England, five miles, for two hundred pounds, ten miles for two hundred pounds, fifteen miles for two hundred punds, in or out of harness, or both. The latter against any horse twenty miles for two hundred pounds, thirty miles for two hundred pounds, and fifty miles for two hundred pounds, in harness.

ATTACK UPON THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS—On Wednesday evening last a horse, having run away with a cariole, took the direction of our office, and, much to the dismay of our pressmen—then engaged in working off the first side—precipitated his head, neck, and fore feet through one of the windows, demolishing every thing which obstructed his passage. Like most of the biped assailants of the press, he, poor fellow, fared badly, having been severely excoriated.—*Fredericksburg Arena.*

UNITED STATES TERRITORY.—The valley of the Mississippi is computed, by Bradbury, at 1,334,779 miles, or 860,658,563 acres. It is, therefore, eleven times as extensive as Great Britain, and Ireland put together. The Chinese empire itself, taken at eight hundred millions of acres, falls far short, in superficial extent, of the United States, which contain 1,205,635,830 acres.

LIST OF INSOLVENTS.

The following named persons have applied for the benefit of the Insolvent Laws of Pennsylvania. To be heard Wednesday next, the 29th inst.

John Fitzgerald, county of Philadelphia, store keeper.
Hudson Carlisle, Roxborough township, late paver.
Isaiah Bray, Jr. Debtor's Apartment, gentleman.
Geo. Wunder, West Kensington, victualler.
Benjamin F. Hughes, back of 38 Plumb st. labourer.
Lawson P. Cranbey, Crown st. labourer.
Timothy T. Cotter, 601 N. 2d st. baker.
John O'Daniel, 337 S. 6th st. attorney at law.
John Myers, Bush Hill, victualler.
Thomas Smith, Manayunk, labourer.
Wm. Swindell, No. 92 Market st. oysterman.
George Forrest, Northern Liberties, cordwainer.
Thomas Welsh, Northern Liberties, cordwainer.
Thomas J. Bowen, Northern Liberties, cordwainer.
John Dixon, city of Philadelphia, labourer.
Nathaniel Sylvester, cap manufacturer, 6th below Market.
John Parham, 62 South 11th st. carpenter.
Richard Young, Garden near Buttonwood st. butcher.
Simon S. Taylor, Front st. below Christian, mariner.
Francis Philips, 24 Jones's Alley, scrivener.
Conrad W. Dewetter, 2d st. above Poplar Lane, house carpenter.
Thomas Noble, Callowhill, near Schuylkill 4th st. cordwainer.
George Brown, No. 210 N. Water st. labourer.
William Stants, Ridge Road, above Callowhill st. white smith.
Thomas Snyder, corner 2d & New sts. cabinet maker.
Peter Fries, 512 S. 2d st. cordwainer.
Edward Nowlin, 148 N. Water st. labourer.
Robert Allen, Bedford st. near Shippen, labourer.
Henry Sooley, S. W. corner 8th and Cherry sts. saddler.
Jonathan Wightman, 4th st. below Spruce, accountant.
Mahlon Miller, 20 Bird's Court, oysterman.
Wm. Hargesheimer, Kensington, cabinet maker, late of the firm of Hargesheimer & Berriman.
George Ansbey, city of Philadelphia, silver plater.
Ephraim Allen, 236 N. Front st. cordwainer.
Chas. T. Long, 6th st. above Vine, late flour merchant.
Isaac Lewellen, 160 Vine st. tablet painter.
Samuel Miller, Kensington, labourer.
Wm. P. Say, 129 South 9th st. gentleman.
John Doak, 213 Queen st. varnisher.
David Boyd, 104 South Front st. labourer.
Giles W. Halenbake, S. W. corner 5th and Powell sts. teacher.
James Blackie, 6 Elder Alley, stone mason.
Joseph Franks, Green st. near 7th, house carpenter.
Henry B. Moore, Noble st. near 8th, victualler.
Louis Bennett, Northern Liberties, oysterman.
William A. Day, Wagner's Alley, oysterman.
Pyatt Townle, Coates st. near 4th, cordwainer.
Joseph Horney, 51 Tammany st. book-binder.
Geo. W. Everitt, city of Philadelphia, land agent.
John Cook, Coates' st. N. L. cordwainer.
Samuel Baker, Coates' st. near 3d, cordwainer.
Jacob Wunder, Kensington, labourer.
Geo. Dennison, Bedford st. carpenter.
Wm. Cornell, 3 North 12th st. mariner.
Edward Sutton, Queen st. Kensington, shipwright.
Michael Larat, 148 Chesnut st. jeweller.
Philip Edle, county of Philadelphia, rope maker.
Joseph Sparks, county of Philadelphia, waterman.
Joseph W. Andrews, county of Philadelphia, labourer.
Harding Murrell, 4th st. below Spruce, saddler.
Isaac Wright, county of Philadelphia, house carpenter.
John Vanhorn, back of 79 Noble st. labourer.
James Lea, Cadwalader st. Kensington, weaver.
John Lamb, 33 Spruce st. one of the Lessees and Managers of the Chesnut st. Theatre.
William Coyle, Penn Township, one of the Lessees and Managers of the Chesnut st. Theatre.
Wm. B. Chapman, Walnut above 10th st. comedian.
Henry Crigmaire, city of Philadelphia, brick maker.
Daniel Bessonet, city of Philadelphia, house carpenter.
Robert Crawford, Brooks' Court, coach maker.
Wm. King, Filbert above Schuylkill 8th, carpenter.
Wm. Hoover, 329 Race st. late dry good dealer.
Samuel Vaughan, Kensington, shipwright.
Samuel Bellerjeau, Kensington, cabinet maker.
Joseph Able, Kensington, glass blower.
John A. Sutton, Kensington, glass blower.
Patrick Tracy, Kensington, labourer.
Jacob D. Felthousen, Northern Liberties, printer.
Isaac Stigh, county of Philadelphia, wheelwright.
Abraham Deaines, Water st. near Christian, labourer.
Aquila Newbern, Germantown Road, clerk.
Thos. Virden, corner Garden and Callowhill sts. dry good merchant.
Daniel Ferrel, Northern Liberties, house carpenter.
Morris Isaacson, S. 2d st. near Union, cap manufacturer.
Edmund W. Sheaff, city of Philadelphia, painter.
Augustus G. Richards, 90 Cherry st. dyer.
Joseph Meade, 13 Lombard st. tailor.
Edward M. Johnson, 17 Coxe's Alley, ivory turner.
Henry Morgan, Arch st. west of Broad, merchant.
Robert A. Philson, Penn Township, late druggist.
John Stewart, Arch st. west of Broad, merchant.
John Ashlum, Northern Liberties, late drayman.
Daniel Colsher, Northern Liberties, carter.
John Smith, Northern Liberties, carter.
Aaron F. Kille, late 51 N. 2d st. merchant.
Elias H. Halliday, Myers' Court, watch maker.
Francis McAvoy, West Moyamensing, weaver.
Henry Campbell, Passyunk Road, coach maker.
Allen Green, Southwark, trader.
Augustus Larentree, Union st. tobacconist.
Philip Hart, Moyamensing, teacher.
Henry Hardin, Anderson's Court, late miller.
Arthur Linus, Frankford Road, weaver.
Ebert Gilbert, county of Philadelphia, labourer.
Joseph Barlow, Arch st. west of Broad, sugar refiner.
Robert Cox, Lombard near 6th st. labourer.
James Selby, 19th South 7th st. watch maker.
Henry Taggert, county of Philadelphia, brick maker.
Lewis Estros, Debtor's Apartment, late inn-keeper.
James Thornton, 410 Market st. weaver.
Francis Dougherty, 414 Market st. [illegible]
Samuel Carnochan, 17 Bread st. weaver.
Andrew McDowell, 7th near Fitzwater, Moyamensing, weaver.
Myer Wilson, Twelve foot Alley, near Fitzwater street, Moyamensing, porter.
John Reeves, Shippen between 7th and 8th sts. Moyamensing, oysterman.
James Hunter, 458 S. Front st. Southwark, cordwainer.
James Forbes, South Alley, stone mason.
James G. Massey, Rachael st. N. L. cordwainer.
Eli Beattie, Bussell st. late carter.
Mann Mitchell, back of 124 N. 2d st. porter.
Richard Woodard, Coates' st. and Old York Road, N. L. labourer.
James Lyons, Bedford above 12th st. Moyamensing, wood-sawyer.
Hugh Brown, 13th and Fitzwater sts. Moyamensing, weaver.
John Daw, Emlin's Court, N. L. labourer.
James Thomas, Willing's Alley, labourer.
Edward Ford, 10th st. above Lombard, cordwainer.
Nathaniel Evans, Front and Market sts. from Schuylkill, carpenter.
James Doyle, S. 2d st. below Market, labourer.
Enmor Jefferis, 4th below Christian st. chair painter.
John L. Narstin, 41 Mechanic's st. copperplate printer.
Sandy Rhodes, 4th st. between Brown and Poplar Lane, N. L. labourer.
Jeremiah Craft, Apple st. above Brown, black smith.
Samuel Pine, Water between Arch and Race sts. lottery dealer.
Amni West, 20 Arch st. late lottery broker.
Charles Lawrence, Philadelphia county, labourer.
Jacob Heritage, Oak st. N. L. labourer.
James Marshall, Gaskill, below Crabb st. cordwainer.
Wm. Dick, 328 S. 3d st. tailor.
Barzillia Johnson, Plum st. above 4th, carpenter.
Isaac Pratt, Green near 3d st. late boarding house keeper.
Henry Belfield, Schuylkill 8th between Race and Vine sts. suspender weaver.
John D. L. Ferhamus, Sergeant st. house painter.
Samuel Wheaton, Beach st. Kensington, black smith.
Wm. Fletcher, Jr. N. 2d above Market st. weaver.
James D. Thorn, 85 Green st. machine maker.
John C. Little, Duke street, N. L. weaver.
John Conger, 261 North Front st. cordwainer.
Wm. Conwell, S. 6th near Fitzwater st. cordwainer.
Anthony Gillespie, Manayunk, Philada. co. cordwainer.
Enoch Thomas, 39 Christian st. cabinet maker.
William Bradnack, Bedford st. above 13th, Moyamensing, black smith.
Thomas D. Ogilby, Queen st. Southwark, ship carpenter.
Wm. Sweeny, Oak st. Southwark, carpenter.
John C. Mason, Passyunk Road, carpenter.
Francis Williams, Madison's Court, waiter.
Daniel Russell, 35 Gaskill st. comb maker.
Wm. Watts, Hamilton st. Penn Township, carter.
Wm. B. Ross, Callowhill near 4th st. accountant.
Marwood Davis, Cobb's Court, near Poplar Lane, N. L. black smith.
Charles Garman, 6th near Coates' st. cabinet maker.
Wm. R. Smith, Front above Callowhill, jeweller.
Edward Hughes, Schuylkill 3d st. labourer, late trader.
Bernard Haffy, 10th between Fitzwater and Catharine sts. Moyamensing, carpenter.
Peter Warfield, Queen between 2d and 3d sts. labourer.
John O'Shannessy, Cherry Alley, bet. 7th st. wig maker.
John Myers, Passyunk Road, below German st. house carpenter.
James M'Calvey, Swanson st. dealer.
Robert Johnson, Paschell st. N. L. labourer.
Pearson Horne, county of Philadelphia, hatter.
Isaac Hickman, High st. above 12th, cordwainer.

We have seen a machine for making bricks, (the invention of a Swiss,) recently constructed in Leeds, on a very simple principle, which turns out a hundred and twenty bricks in one minute, fit for the kiln, without any drying, as in the ordinary process. We understand that a thousand bricks may be made for sixpence (about ten and a half cents,) instead of two shillings and sixpence, (about fifty-two and a half cents, the present price. The cost of the machine is about two hundred pounds, (say nine hundred and twenty dollars,) and it is worked by two men and two boys. By this process bricks may be made more efficiently at all seasons, no drought being necessary.—*Leeds Intelligencer.*

LOTTERY OFFICE AFLOAT.—The office of Mr. Lewis, upon the Pier Bridge, while some persons were engaged in repairing its understanding, performed a somerset into the Basin. Five persons were in the office, all of whom, after enjoying a comfortable bath, were extricated.—*Alb. Ev. Jour.*

The substance of the great wall of China, which extends along a space of fifteen hundred miles, from the shore of the Yellow Sea to Western Tartary, has been estimated, by Mr. Barrow, to exceed in quantity that of all the houses in Great Britain, and to be capable of surrounding the whole earth with a wall several feet high.

Reported for the New York Journal of Commerce.

GENERAL SESSIONS.—THURSDAY.

ASSAULT WITH INTENT TO KILL.—Silvester Woolley, a young man about twenty-five, was indicted for an assault and battery upon Prentiss Keyes, with an intent to rob and commit murder. The prisoner was arraigned on Monday last, and was notified by the District Attorney that his trial would take place on the following day. On Tuesday he was put to the bar, and preparation was making to call a jury, when he addressed the Court, and entreated a postponement on the ground of the absence of material witnesses; one of whom would swear that Keyes declared on Ellis' Island that he had no money about him; and the others, the boatmen who apprehended him in the North River, would state that Keyes made a similar declaration in their presence. He proceeded to inform the Court that the charge preferred by Keyes was utterly untrue, and that all he did was in self-defence, Keyes having attacked him first. His address and manner produced for the moment an impression in his favour, and Mr. Keyes was summoned to stand by the Court to respond to his allegations, in order to enable them to judge of the expediency of postponement. The father of the prisoner, being present, was interrogated in regard to his character, who stated that he could say nothing in his favour. The Court therefore allowed him two days to prepare his defence, and assigned Mr. De Lacy as his counsel. After the jury were sworn, Keyes was called and gave his testimony in substance as follows:

The prisoner and myself were boarding at the Barclay street Hotel. On Saturday morning, June 4th, he invited me to play a game of chequers, for the expenses of a pleasure excursion on the water, which I accepted; and beat him. The agreement was, on the suggestion, to go at four o'clock in the afternoon. Just before we started, he asked me if I had any Lottery tickets, which I answered in the affirmative. Upon his expressing a wish to look at the numbers, I took out my pocket book and showed them. The tickets were upon the top of the money I had in my pocket book. We took a boat and rowed out into the river, and when we were about half way to Ellis' Island, I urged him to return, saying, if he would, I would pay the expense. He refused, and we kept on. We reached the island, and after we had viewed the spot where the gallows was erected, he said he would not return until he had bathed, and had tried who could swim the farthest. I went into the water, and he followed. A little boy whom we found on the island, was sitting near my clothes at the time. When we came out and were dressed, he took two large stones, about forty weight each, and a smaller one, and put them into the bottom of the boat, saying he wanted to ballast her. We rowed towards Powles' Hook on the Jersey side, when I entreated him to go ashore and be towed over by the steam boat. He refused, and said that by keeping along the Jersey shore until we were opposite the old State Prison, we could then cross over easily. We did so, and then rowed towards the middle of the river, where he raised his hands to his breast, and said he was faint and could row no longer. I said I would take the oars and row as well as I could. It was then dusk. He took his seat behind me, and I took the oars and began to row. In a few minutes I received a violent blow over the head, which was followed by a second and a third in rapid succession. The third struck me on the other side of my head, and I seemed to revive. A fourth blow I received on my arm. I sprang and clenched him, wrested the club from his hands and threw it overboard. I then threw him down in the boat, when he seized the small stone and was about to hurl it at me; but I took it away and threw it overboard. I then told him to take his seat in front of me, and tried to row to the shore. I was almost blind, and then cried "murder" six times.

I told him that a boat was coming towards us, when he took out a penknife, opened his vest, gave himself two or three cuts in the breast, and cried "murder" himself. When the boat reached us, they said they thought we were drowning.—They towed us ashore, and when we arrived, I was covered with blood, and unable to walk alone. I told the persons he had attempted to take my life, and requested them to take charge of him. When I reached the Hotel, I took out ten ten dollar notes, and gave them to the barkeeper, and wished him to send for the best physician in the city, as I did not think I should live.

Mr. Keyes went on to state that he had several [illegible] saw it in his pocket book. Woolley said a few days before, that if he wished to speculate, he could show him a better plan than buying lottery tickets: he knew two countrymen whose money he could win for him. In answer to a question from the Recorder, Keyes said that he never suspected Woolley of any evil design. Woolley held the club in both hands when he struck him. He (Keyes) had done business in Troy, under the name of Prentiss Keyes & Co.

Question by the Recorder.—How could you help throwing him overboard? *Ans.*—I did not wish to take his life.

Mr. Harrison, keeper of the Hotel in Barclay street, testified that Mr. Keyes had been a boarder at the house for ten or twelve days prior to the occurrence. When Keyes came to the house that night, he was in a very bad condition, his head, breast and face being covered with blood. Dr. Cutter was sent for to attend him.

The bar-keeper of the Hotel being sworn, stated that he accompanied Mr. Keyes to his room that night, and after they got up stairs he pulled out his pocket book, and handed him $100 for the purpose of sending for the best physician in the city. When Keyes first came in, he was so covered with blood that he did not know him. He saw Keyes take his pocket book from his person when he opened it to give him the money.

It was given in evidence by Capt. Fisher of the watch, that when the prisoner was brought to the watch-house, he told him that he had been sailing with a man who had tried to murder him, and that he wished the assailant to be taken in custody. He showed him two or three cuts in the breast; to which he (witness) replied that it was singular he had been cut so without having his vest or shirt cut. He was searched, but had no money. While telling his story, Mr. Harrison came in, when he learned the true history of the matter. The cuts were not deep and hardly through the skin.

The character of Keyes was shown to be beyond suspicion by two merchants of Troy, who had known him for several years.

In his charge to the Jury, the Recorder remarked that in all his experience he had never seen a man who gave his testimony with more fairness and candour than Mr. Keyes. The Jury found the prisoner GUILTY.

The penalty for this crime by the Revised Statutes, is imprisonment in the State Prison for a period not less than ten years, or more, at the discretion of the Court.

The recital of the circumstances attending this atrocious affair, was listened to with the most intense interest by a crowded audience. The appearance of Mr. Keyes, (who is still suffering from his wounds,) and his plain, unvarnished story, carried conviction to the mind of every one, and excited the deepest sympathy for his misfortune.

SCHOONER RAPID.—From appearances, there was some foul business in relation to this vessel, and we should not be surprized to hear that the officers were murdered, and that the several attempts to scuttle her were intended to cover the plot. If she was on a trading voyage to Nassau, she had only provisions enough for her crew, and goods for a little private trading. She had only a few barrels of flour, (7,) beef and pork, one brl. each, of cordials, one of peppermint, when she righted. Every cask was "scuttle-bunged," probably in searching for money. Her pump gear was stowed away in the forecastle, and the hen coop, or part of it, was found in the cabin, as also several pair of negro shoes, and some looking glass frames.—*Boston paper.*

A Cherokee has recently returned from the nation west of the Mississippi, who mentions that, in the election for members of the Cherokee legislature, the successful candidates were all recent emigrants from Georgia. Samuel Houston, late governor of Tennessee, who left his wife in that State, to associate with the Indians in the wilds of the west, was also a candidate for a seat in the Indian Council, but was defeated, and lost his election, since which he has abandoned his Indian wife among them, and has signified his intention to banish himself to the Choctaw nation.—*Savannah Georgian.*

A SHIFT FOR A DINNER.

The following "latest" mode of raising a dinner, was developed yesterday afternoon, in the police Office. Two well dressed colored girls, one named Mary Ann De Hart, aged about 15 years, the other, Hannah Jackson, aged about 16, have been in the habit for some time, of watching about the bakers' shops in the upper part of the city, to discover what dishes of meat, pies, puddings, &c. were sent from the neighbouring families to be baked: having acquired the necessary knowledge, they attended at the different bakehouses a short time before the dinner hour, presented two or three cents, the usual charge for baking, and demanded the dish they thought best to take. The baker imagining that these youngsters were the servants of the person who sent the article to be baked, gave the dish without any question.

On Tuesday they called at the bakehouse of Mr. Deklyne, No. 45 Christopher street, and presenting two cents, asked for the large household loaf which had been sent there in the forenoon to be baked, it was immediately given to them. Yesterday they went to the bakehouse of Mr. Nathl. Purde, 250 Spring street, and asked for a large round of beef belonging to a neighbouring family which was sent to be baked, and this too was given them. They then went to another baker, and asked for a pie which was baked there, and this they also received; from thence, they went again to Mr. Deklyne's, but he having learned some of their feats, he arrested them, and they are now in Bridewell to take their trial on the charges.—*New York Courier and Enquirer.*

SENTENCE DAY IN NEW YORK.

The prisoners convicted during the last week, were brought down on Saturday to receive the sentence of the law.

Silvester Woolley, indicted and convicted of an assault and battery upon Prentiss Keyes, with an intent to rob and murder, on being put to the bar, presented a very different aspect from the bold, unblushing front which he wore at the time of his trial. When asked by the Clerk what he had to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon him according to law, his council, Mr. De Lacy, rose and handed the following letter addressed by him to the Court.

"I expect no mitigation of the sentence of the law—I ask none. Your culprit has fallen a victim to the devices of an accomplished and consumate villain.—Until infected by an upas so poisonous and corrupt, he was actuated by virtuous impulses. An unhappy though frivolous digression, originally precipitated him into the stream whose turbulent waters have borne him to destruction. He has reached his goal; his wreck is irreparable; his damnation entire. No judicial lenity can mitigate;—no severity aggravate his fate. He entreats that you will make no allusion to his family, his talents, or what he might have been. He is what adverse circumstances have made him, an ill-fated wretch, with only one remedial resource."

Mr. De Lacy presented the question to the Court, whether the offence was within their jurisdiction,—it having occurred, in his opinion, within the waters of the United States, and therefore moved a postponement of the sentence until the next term. The convict being now in close confinement, no injury could result to the public from a delay of two or three weeks. The Court acceded to the request, and the prisoner was remanded.

John Joseph, mulatto, for burglary in the first degree, feloniously breaking and entering the dwelling house of Noble Heath, in the night time, and stealing therefrom money and clothing, was adjudged to an imprisonment of ten years, at hard labour in the Sing Sing state Prison.

Anthony Waring and Thomas Vincent, two men of middle age, of very respectable appearance, convicted of passing counterfeit money, were sentenced to the State Prison for a period of five years.. The wife of Vincent was present, with six small children, the oldest about 10 years of age. When the prisoners were removed from the bar, a little boy about four years of age ran towards his father, and seized him by the hand, as if to extricate him from the officers, but finding it was in vain, he hastened back to his mother in a flood of tears.

John Harrington, for manslaughter in the second degree, in having inflicted wounds upon his wife, which caused her death, was adjudged to the State Prison for the term of four years.

John Warn, convicted of stealing a horse from Ephraim Bailey, of the value of $100, while in a state of intoxication.—State Prison two years.

[illegible] instance of the fatal effects of an improper course of life, for a grand larceny in stealing property to the amount of $50.—State Prison two years.

John Baylies, for stealing a quantity of China and glass ware exceeding $25 in value.—State Prison two years.

Robert Goodsley, convicted of stealing a boat and sails valued at $80.—State Prison two years.

From the National Intelligencer.

Messrs. Editors:—As the season is fast approaching when we may expect to see Hydrophobia exhibited in the Canine race, and having witnessed what I did on my return from Cadiz on board a vessel under my command, relative to my dog, on my way up the Potomac, in the latter part of July, 1817. I conceive it my duty (at the suggestion of several friends to whom the facts following had been narrated) to lay them before the public, viz.—Shortly after having entered the mouth of the river I observed that my dog began to race, fore and aft the deck, but thought nothing of it until one of my crew remarked that the animal was going mad, and that he most assuredly would go mad if the worm was not cut out from the under part of his tongue. I laughed at the observation, when the man asked me for the loan of my penknife, with permission (which I granted) to extract it; accordingly the dog was caught with some difficulty, and in a few minutes I had presented to my view a small white worm or pustule of one inch and a quarter in length, which, (as the sailor remarked,) if it had been permitted to grow to the end of the tongue, the dog would have become perfectly mad, whereas, in a few hours, the animal became quiet. On the day following he showed no more symptoms of madness, being entirely well, and so remained in my possession for many months, after which I gave him to a friend.

I make mention of the above facts with the hope that they may prove beneficial, by advising owners of dogs to examine occasionally the under part of the tongue of the animal—an ounce of preventive, as the old adage is, being worth a pound of cure. J. D. WOODSIDE.

MURDER!—Extract of a letter to the Editor of the Newbern, N. C. Sentinel, dated Jericho, Dublin County, 1st June, 1831.—"On Sunday last a murder was committed in this neighbourhood, which has created a very unusual sensation. About 11 o'clock that day, Miss Nancy Boyet, daughter of a very respectable widow, left her house with the intention of visiting Mr. Price's family, who live at the distance of a mile from her mother's. When night approached, and her daughter still absent, Mrs. Boyet became uneasy, and set out with the hope of meeting her on the way. Her feelings may more easily be imagined than described when she found on her arrival at Mr. Price's that her daughter had not been there that day. She alarmed the neighbors, a company went forth, and after a diligent search they found the mangled corpse of the unfortunate victim in an adjoining pond. Her body was shockingly bruised, and her throat was cut to the back bone!—From appearances, the murder must have been perpetrated at a distance of two hundred yards from the pond in which the body was found, and the resistance must have been desperate. The ground and bushes at the place of conflict, were much trodden and broken, and some lightwood limbs that were on the spot, appeared to have been used by the monster in completing his designs. The young lady's combs were also found broken and scattered on the ground. No discovery leading to the detection of the murderer, has yet been made, and with the exception of its fatal result the whole transaction is yet a mystery to the neighborhood. It must have taken place about noon, in a thickly inhabited settlement, on the public road leading from Whitehall to Fayetteville. An inquest was held, and a verdict pronounced of 'rape and murder, by some person unknown.' Should any thing farther transpire concerning this lamentable deed, I shall take an early opportunity of communicating it."

AID TO TEMPERANCE.—One of the pleasantest as well as most wholesome articles of drink, during this hot weather, is *spruce beer*, which Peter Pindar called "*deal-board broth.*"

Meadville, (Penn.) June 16.

HYDROPHOBIA.—We regret to learn that numerous cases of this dangerous malady have been recently discovered among dogs, hogs, &c. in the neighbourhood of Dickson's mill, on Woodcock, in this county. A young man was bit last week in that quarter, under circumstances which leave no doubt of the fact of the animal being rabid. The first symptom of the disease made its appearance early in March last, in the case of a dog, remarkable for size and power, whose death may be noted as a perilous adventure to the party who achieved it. He entered the farm yard of Mr. Edward Ryan, in day light, destroyed two lambs, and then attacked Mr. Ryan's dog. The piteous cries of the latter brought Mr. R. to his assistance, who, without reflection, sprung on the back of the intruder, seized him with both hands round the neck, and held him securely until a person bearing came to his relief, and, with a few well directed strokes of a hoe on the head, despatched the infuriated animal. This creature was found to have passed over an area of more than six miles, in various directions, biting almost every animal that came in his way. Many dogs and hogs have since died, or been destroyed, in which hydrophobia had made its appearance. Every precaution should be taken by those having dogs, and more especially in cases where the slightest suspicion exists that they may have come in contact with those of the infected district.—*Messenger.*

From the New York Journal of Commerce.

DEATH BY HYDROPHOBIA.

The subject of this notice was a little girl, by the name of Johnson, two and a half years old. On the 20th April last, a small dog passed into a yard, 138, Chrystie street, where she was at play, and, seizing her by the nose, drew her to the ground. Before he was beaten off, he bit and lacerated the nose very severely. The dog immediately ran home, into a neighbouring street, and his master, after learning the injury he had done, despatched him the same day. Particular inquiries were made, whether the dog had manifested any hydrophobic symptoms; but nothing could be learned, save the fact that he had bitten two children, one of whom still continues well. This act of violence was referred wholly to the dog having been irritated by the boys in the street. The child in question soon recovered of her wounds, and continued perfectly well until Tuesday afternoon last, (13th June,) when she became fretful, and complained of pain in the head and stomach. The mother prepared an infusion of senna for it, supposing its illness to arise from some derangement of the stomach; but whenever she attempted to administer it, the child would shudder and become convulsed. Indeed the first circumstance that attracted the attention of the mother was, the peculiar actions of the child whenever it drank; for, during the afternoon it was thirsty, and asked for water, but when it swallowed the water, it would tremble and choke, and attempt to spit it out.

Early on Wednesday morning Dr. Mead was called to attend the child. He found her lying quietly on the bed, cheerful and intelligent, for the child was remarkably sprightly for her age, and seemed pleased with the idea of being made well. She said she had no pain, except a little in the stomach; allowed her person to be examined freely; but, when the nose was touched, would recoil with a shudder; and when it was pressed, she would thrust out her tongue, with a shriek, and catch her breath, as if suffocated. This was not incidental, for it was tried several times with the same result. The cicatrix of the wound appeared perfectly well, and there was no appearance of disease or discolouration of the part. She was asked to drink some water. She seemed thirsty, and readily assented. A cup was brought, and she rose in bed, grasped it with both hands, and filled her mouth; but, in an instant, she dashed the cup from her, and seemed to spit or blow the water from her mouth, with a force and sound as if it were ejected from a heated crucible, and fell upon the bed in horrible convulsions. In a few moments she was quiet and composed again. These experiments were forbidden, as they added greatly to the sufferings of the child. Several attempts were made to administer medicine, but unsuccessfully; for every effort to swallow, even the smallest quantity, would bring on a spasm and a distressing constriction of the throat, which would eject it from her mouth. The dread of water continued to increase during the day, (Wednesday,) and at evening, if a person were to approach her with a tumbler of water, it would bring on a recurrence of the paroxysms. In the course of the [illegible] with increased power and frequency, [illegible] exhibited all the horrors of this fearful malady. The eyes wild and protruded—gnashing of the teeth until the tongue became lacerated—frequent spittings and foaming at the mouth—retching, which was peculiar; it would return at regular intervals of a few moments, attended with but one effort, as if the stomach were suddenly affected by a spasm, and forcibly expelled, through the constricted pharynx, a little frothy mucus. Then, again, the horrible convulsions—shrieks not to be described, and dreadful to behold—until she became gradually exhausted, and expired yesterday morning, forty hours after the invasion of the disease, and fifty-seven days after the infliction of the wounds. Several physicians saw the child, and no doubt was left on their minds as to the nature of the disease.

The politeness of the Long Islanders, and their ingenuity in making known their requests in a manner the least offensive possible, is illustrated by the following. When a traveller wishes for something to drink, a supper and lodgings for the night, he introduces his request as follows: "Will you have the goodness to give me a draught of cold water, and if you please, you may put half a gill of spirits in it, for I am so hungry that I don't know where I shall lodge to night."

YET ANOTHER!—The Cincinnati Advertiser of the 13th inst. says:—We learn by the steamboat Mountaineer, "that the Daniel Boon struck on a snag at the Canadian Reach, about one hundred and fifty miles below the mouth of the Ohio. She was on her way up from New Orleans. Boat and cargo (so much as is perishable) will be lost. Crew and passengers saved."

GOLD.—The editor of the *Richmond Compiler* mentions having seen a lump of gold, in the possession of Wm. Mitchell, jeweller, in that city, which Mr. M. had purchased for two hundred and seventy-five dollars. It weighed nearly two pounds, and was so pure that, in the valuation, there was only allowed a discount of four per cent. from the actual weight. It was found in Mechlinburg county, N. C. embedded in a rock which the miner was breaking to pieces. It appears that a gold mine has also been discovered in South Carolina, Union District, near Yorkville. The ore is rich, and already yields a considerable profit to the operations.

ENCOURAGING TO LOTTERY SPECULATORS.—We saw a ten dollar bill a few days ago, on which was written, "This bill is all that is left of $2500, drawn in lottery 8, which has been squandered in revelry and dissipation. D——n the Lotteries I say." There is no proverb more true than the old one, of "set a beggar on horse-back, and he will ride to the devil." Make a man suddenly rich without an effort of his own, and he never learns the value of money. We venture to say that the superscription on this bill will be found verified by the effect produced on ninety-nine out of one hundred of those *lucky*, and much to be *envied* drawers of high prizes. Industry is the best and most certain lottery. No man ever took a share guaranteed by prudence, that failed of drawing a prize.—*Warren Messenger.*

A curious case has been brought upon the carpet during the Term—a case wherein the administrator sues *himself* as a security on a Guardians Bond. Strange as it may seem, the case is not without a precedent—for in this very Court about twelve months since, the following circumstance occured: A Plaintiff ordered his execution to be levied on Defendant's property—the Defendant pointed out a tract of land belonging to Plaintiff—the officer levied and advertised for sale; the Plaintiff became exceedingly alarmed and interposed his claim, giving bond and security to himself with the usual forms—after which he applied to a lawyer and offered him a good fee to extricate him from the difficulty in which he found himself so uncomfortably involved. It is hardly necessary to say that the levy was dismissed. The plaintiff left the Court with the most triumphant feelings.—*Augusta Constitutionalist.*

ECONOMY.—An ordinance is published in the *Norfolk Beacon*, which recognizes the right of the citizens of that place to *burn out* their chimneys while rain is falling! "Economy is wealth," says Franklin.

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING. *A sleepy family.* A gentleman from Brandford gives us the following information of the effects of a thunderstorm one night last week. He says a house in Brandford was struck by lightning, while the whole family, consisting of a man, his wife and two daughters were under the dominion of Morpheus—that the electric fluid entered the roof—passed through a bed post, shivering it to atoms,—destroyed an old bureau and several other articles in the room where slept the two daughters—that it then descended, without further ceremony into the bedroom, where were in bed the husband and wife. Here the lightning played some "fantastic tricks," by tearing the bedstead, destroying furniture, and committing other riotous acts; but still, amid this "wreck of matter," the whole family continued to snore, unconscious of the chaos around them, or their half inch escapes from death. Our informant states that they awoke about sunrise, and were startled at the smell of brimstone and the appearance of their habitation. On examination, they found large splinters which had been torn from the furniture and thrust into the bed. They considered it a *miraculous escape.*—*New Haven Palladium.*

[This is somewhat akin to the story told of a man cutting straw in a machine on a chilly day, when one of his fingers were clipped off so smoothly that he did not discover the accident till one of his companions seeing it on the barn floor, asked him whose it was. Hodge looking at his own hands, exclaimed, "*by jingo it's mine.*"]

Sales of Public Stocks, in this City,

DURING THE PAST WEEK.

		Par Price
$4430 U. S. 4½ per cts. of 1828 & 1829 at par and interest,		100
2000 Penn'nia Fives, redeemable in 1850 at	108½	100
2000 do. do. 1850	109	100
1000 do. do. 1854	109½	100
1700 do. do. 1854	109½	100
725 do. do. 1854	109½	100
600 Lehigh sixes, redeemable in 1834	104½	100
2350 do. do. 1838	103½	100
4200 do. do. 1839	104½	100
4 shares Bank of North America,	463	100
100 do. Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank,	69½	50
10 do. Commercial Bank,	64	50
37 do. Mechanic's Bank,	49½	25
58 do. do. do.	49½	25
900 do. North American Insurance,	11.80	10
15 do. Pennsylvania Fire Insurance,	59	50
25 do. American Insurance,	26½	25
3 do. Chesapeake and Delaware Canal,	136	200
90 do. N. Castle & Frenchtown Rail Rd.	25½	15
40 do. Philadelphia, Germantown & Norristown Rail Road,	7½	5
10 do. North American Coal Co.	13	25
7 do. Pennsylvania, Delaware & Maryland Steam Navigation Co.	51	50

Furnished by Sylvanus Lehman, Stock and Exchange Broker, No. 41 South Third Street.

PHILADELPHIA PRICES OF STOCKS.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Sylvanus Lehman, Stock and Exchange Broker, No. 41 South Third street.

Philadelphia, June 23, 1831	Redeemable	Amt P'd	Offered	Asked	Remarks.
Loans.					
United States 5 per cents 1830	1830	100	101½	101¾	Interest paid quarterly
1831	1835	100	101	101½	1st January
United States 4 and a half per cents	1831	100	100½	101½	1st April
	1832	100	101½	102	1st July
	1833	100	102	103	1st October
U. S. 3 per cents		100	93¾	94	
Pennsylvania 5 per cents 1834 &	1835	100	104	106	
1837 &	1838	100	105	107	
1840 &	1841	100	107	109	Half yearly 1st February 1st August
	1846	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	
	1850	100	[illegible]	[illegible]	
1853 &	1854	100	109	109½	
1856 &	[illegible]	100	110	111	
Philadelphia 6 per cents	1833	100	104	105	
	1840	100	112	117	
	1845	100	114	115	
1828 &	1853	100	[illegible]	120	
Philadelphia 5 per cents	[illegible]	100	103	105	
	[illegible]	100	106	107	
	[illegible]	100	[illegible]	[illegible]	Half yearly 1st January 1st July
	[illegible]	100	[illegible]	[illegible]	
1845 &	[illegible]	100	[illegible]	[illegible]	
	[illegible]	100	[illegible]	[illegible]	
1850 &	1851	100	[illegible]	[illegible]	
1854 &	1855	[illegible]	[illegible]	110	
1856 &	1857	100	[illegible]	110	
1858 &	1859	100	[illegible]	[illegible]	
1860 &	1862	100	110	[illegible]	
Union Canal 6 per cents 1 conv.	1836	100	105	107	Quarterly 16 Jan.—16 Ap.
all do.	1838	100	109	111	16 July—16 Oct
do.	1840	100	112	114	
Ches. and Del Canal loans 1st loan convertible till July 1831	July 1836	100	[illegible]	[illegible]	Half yearly
2d do. Jan. 1832	Jan. 1837	100	[illegible]	[illegible]	1st January
3d do. Aug. 1832	Aug. 1837	100	110	112	1st July
4th do. Jan. 1833	Jan. 1840	100	112	114	
Schuyl. Nav. loans con.	1840	100	[illegible]	165	Quarterly
Do. 5½ not conv.	1847	100	105	107	Mar. 1—June 1
Do. 5 do.	1835	100	102	104	Sept. 1—Dec. 1
Lehigh Coal & Nav. loans 1839 a	1834	100	102	[illegible]	Quarterly
	1840	100	101	[illegible]	Jan. 1—April 1
Do. 5 per cents	1840	100	101	[illegible]	July 1—Oct. 1
Ohio 6 per cents	1850	100	116	121	
Do. 5 per cents	1856	100	105	107	Half yearly
Masonic 6 per cents		100	102	105	Jan. 1—July 1
Do. 5 per cents		100	100	102	
Bank Stocks.					Last six months dividend.
Bank of the United States		100	130	132	3 Jan. 3½ per cent
Bank of North America		400	460	464	3 Jan. [illegible]
Bank of Pennsylvania		400	532	536	5 Jan. [illegible]
Philadelphia Bank		100	114	114½	4 May [illegible]
Farmers and Mechanics' Bk		50	69	70	2 May [illegible]
Commercial Bank		50	[illegible]	59	2 May 3½
Schuylkill Bank		25	34	35	1 May [illegible]
Bank of the N. Liberties		30	45	48	2 May 10
Kensington Bank		25	44	45	3 May 5
Bank of Penn Township		30	48	49	1 May 3
Southwark Bank		50	75	80	1 May 4
Bank of Germantown		50	59	61	1 May 4
State Bank at Camden		30	46	48	1 May 3
Trenton Banking Co.		30	41	44	5 Oct. 25
Farmers' Bank of Bucks co.		15	18	20	1 Jan. 4
					1 May 3½
Insurance Stocks.					
Pennsylvania		400	442	470	1 Feb. 3 per cent
North America		10	11½	12	10 Jan. 3
Union		50	61	63	1 Jan. none
Marine		60	75	[illegible]	1 Jan. 5 per cent
Atlantic		60	72	74	3 Jan. 3
Pennsylvania Life		40	49	49½	3 Jan. 3
Philadelphia		50	66	67	3 Jan. 4
Phoenix		50	45	50	5 June 5
Delaware		50	70	72	6 June 4
United States		50	49	50	6 June 5
Pennsylvania Fire		50	59	[illegible]	6 June 6
American Fire		100	136	140	1 Mar. 3
Franklin Fire		25	54	56	4 Apl. 4
American		25	25	26	New
Canal and Rail Road Stocks, &c.					
Union Canal—old stock		200	180	170	None
Do. new stock		200	224	226	16 Apl. 3 per cent
Chesapeake and Del Canal		200	135	140	None
Schuylkill Navigation		100	[illegible]	[illegible]	1 Feb. 4 per cent
Lehigh Coal and Navigation		50	45	48	1 Jan. none
Del. and Raritan Canal		25	30	33	New
Louisv. and Portland Canal		100	96	102	New
West Philadelphia Canal		5	5	6	New
Camden & Amboy Rail Road		50	60	64	New
N. Castle & Frenchtown do.		25	35	37	New
Danville & Pottsville do.		5	[illegible]	4	New
Phil Germant. & Norrist. do.		5	7	8	New
West Chester do.		5	5	6	New
Delaware County do.		5	5	5	New
North American Coal Co.		15	12	13	None
Miscellaneous.					
Lancaster Turnpike		300	175	185	10 Jan. $7 pr. sh
Germant. & Perkiomen do.		100	44	46	2 May 2 per cent
Frankford and Bristol do.		100	50	53	2 May 3 per cent
Chesnuthill and Springh. do.		100	50	53	2 May 3
Chelt. and Willow Grove do.		100	65	80	2 May 3
Schuylkill Permanent Bridge		10	11	13½	3 Jan. 4
Lanc. and Schuyl. Bridge		50	5	none	None
Delaware Bridge at Trenton		50	48	52	15 Ap. $1 50 p. s
Delaware Bridge at Easton		100	230	240	4 Ap. $7 50 p. s
N. Y. Citiz. Line Steamboat		100	108	112	2 Dec. 10 pr cent
Baltimore do.		50	50	53	Last div. 10
Chesnut street Theatre		600	500	550	Mar. $25 p. s.
Arch street Theatre		500	275	300	None
Walnut street Theatre		275	210	250	
Philadelphia Arcade		100	50	60	20 Ap. $1 pr. sh.

EXCHANGE.

Bills on London, 60 days	9 a	9½	per cent prem.	
do. Paris do.	5 F. 10 C.		per dollar	
do. Amsterdam	40 a 41		cts. per guilder	
do. Hamburg	35½ a 36		cts. per Mark Banco	
Spanish doubloons	$15 80	a $15 90	each	
Patriot do.	15 20	a 15 25	do.	
Sovereigns	4 75	a 4 80	do.	
Guineas	4 95	a 5	do.	
Napoleons	3 70	a 3 75	do.	
Louisdors	4 30	a 4 35	do.	
Ducats	2 10	a 2 15	do.	
Ten guilder pieces	3 85	a 3 90	do.	
Fredericksdors	3 75	a 3 80	do.	
American Gold	4	a 5	per ct. prem.	
German crowns	1 02	a 1 04	each	
French do.	1 08	a 1 09	do.	
do. half do.	50½	a 51	do.	
Five franc pieces	93	a 93½	do.	
Head pistareens	20	a 20½	do.	
Old do.	17		do.	

200 Dollars Reward.

THE SHOP of the Subscriber, No. 198 Market street, Philadelphia, was broken open and ROBBED of the following Goods, on the night of the 14th of 6th month, (June,) 1831.

The above Reward will be given for their recovery, or a proportion for any part of it.

1 Double bottomed Gold Patent Lever, M. I. Tobias, Liverpool, seconds, No. 8774, extra Jewels.
1 Double cased Silver Patent Lever, without cap or maintaining power, P. G. Little, Liverpool, No. 6789.
1 Double cased Silver Lever, J. Johnson, Liverpool.
1 Double bottomed Silver Lever, J. Johnson, Liverpool, No. 6030.
2 Silver Watches, double bottomed, detached, full seconds, hard dials, Houghton, Liverpool, Nos. 18007 and 18060.
1 Second hand Silver Lever, John Moncas, Liverpool, 8788.
1 Double bottomed Silver Lever, detached, full second, hard dial, gold joints to case.
1 Double bottomed Gold Patent Lever, gold dial, three chased edges, S. Hutchinson, Liverpool, No. 12.
1 Double bottomed Gold Patent Lever, chased edge, hard dial, S. Hutchinson, Liverpool, No. 15.
4 Double cased Silver Watches, hard dial, seconds, Johnson, Liverpool.
1 Silver Alarm Watch, capped.
3 Ladies' Patent Lever Watches, John Tedbury, Liverpool, No. 12907, 12997, 12998; two of which are in gold cases and one in a silver case.
2 Double cased Silver Watches, plain white dial, seconds, one of which has on Samuel Hutchinson, Philada. the other blank.
1 Double cased Gold capped Swiss Watch (second hand.)
2 Double bottomed small sized Gold Watches, gold dials, (French.)
3 Gold Watches, gold dials, single cases, (Ladies.)
2 Double bottomed Silver Watches, English, hard dials, seconds.
1 Double cased, capped and jewelled, silver, seconds, (second handed,) Grayam, London, 4210.
1 Double bottomed Gold Lever Watch, cracked dial, hard enamelled, seconds, compensating balance, two pair of holes jewelled, Robert Roskell, Liverpool, No. 37100.
25 English and French Watches, one of which is a second handed English, name Bullingford, London, No. 7010.
2 English Hunting Watches.
1 Gold chased edge Watch, case, gold chain, seal, and key. Breast Pins, Finger Rings, Ear Rings, Fine Gold Chains, Seals and Keys, of various patterns; Silver Table, Tea and Dessert Spoons, Sugar Tongs, Silver Butter Knives. All the silver marked S. Hutchinson; and many other articles not enumerated, but which could be identified. The numbers of most of the Watches can be speedily furnished. SAMUEL HUTCHINSON,
june 25—4t No. 198 Market street

THE MARKETS.

WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT.

WHEAT FLOUR, per bbl.	$4 75
RYE do. do.	3 50
WHEAT, per bushel,	1 00
RYE, do.	60
CORN, per bushel,	60
CLOVER SEED, per bushel,	4 25
TIMOTHY SEED, do.	1 50
HERD do. do.	20
BARLEY, do.	55
FLAXSEED, do.	1 30
OATS, do.	45
WHISKEY, per gallon,	33
COTTON, per lb.	10
BUTTER, in kegs, per lb.	10
EGGS, per dozen,	14
LARD, per lb.	10
TALLOW, do.	8
HAMS, Western, per lb.	10
PLAISTER, per ton,	6 00
HIDES, Rio Grande and La Plata, per lb.	17½

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post every Friday, by J. & H. WITMER, Merchants, No. 321 Market street.

PRICE CURRENT.

THE MARKET.—Superfine Flour continues dull; the only transaction worthy of notice is a lot of 800 or 1000 barrels, price not determined; by retail to bakers it is selling at $5; no sales of Rye Flour reported; a lot of Corn Meal in puncheons has been sold, but the terms kept secret. But little grain at market, and lower prices have been accepted for Corn. Whiskey is dull at 34 cents in barrels; a lot in hhds. sold at 33 cents. Linseed Oil is dull at last week's prices.

PENNSYLVANIA CANALS.—Within a few weeks past a merchant in this city has received several hundred bales of Cotton from Nashville, Tenn. by way of Pittsburgh and the Pennsylvania, Union and Schuylkill Canals. Although the Portage Rail-road across the Allegheny mountain is not yet finished, we understand it was delivered here for one cent per pound from Pittsburgh, and, in all, about 25 to 30 days from Nashville. Thus it appears that, in addition to the ordinary business along the line of our canals, new objects are every day springing up, and it is not until our system is completed that we shall be able to appreciate its advantages.

RICHMOND MARKET.—We understand that Flour was sold yesterday at $4½ and 4¾. Tobacco commands a good price. One of the best sales was made yesterday, which has been effected this season. Seven hhds. from the county of Culpeper—one was refuse tobacco—the other six sold for $12½ per hundred weight round—amounting, for the seven hhds. to between 900 and 1000 dollars.—*Compiler, June 18.*

The Post.

PHILADELPHIA:

Saturday, June 25, 1831.

A print of this city "called" the *Daily Chronicle*, on Monday last published the following paragraph:—

"The last number of the weekly paper, called the *Saturday Evening Post*, contains a paragraph tending to create a belief in those who read it, that a connexion has existed between that journal and the Daily Chronicle. The editors could not have designed this; but unfortunately, his language will bear no other interpretation. As some persons may be in the habit of taking both papers, we think it proper to say that there has been no such connexion; these journals having been as distinct from each other as any two in this city or elsewhere. The *Post*, lately, was *printed* at this office; and its editor adverting to this circumstance, has fallen into the error of language which we now correct."

Now we are not proud of our recent situation, and we do not revert to it boastingly—but we think we were certainly correct in using the word "connexion," in referring to it. The Post was *printed* in the Chronicle office, and, by contract contained a specified quantity of the same matter which appeared in the Chronicle. This system, of using the same standing type for two separate publications, was not, however, pursued to the same extent, that it now is in the Lady's Book, Saturday Courier, Daily Chronicle, and occasionally in some smaller publications, without including one or two other city daily papers, &c. through whose mills the same "matter" is likewise frequently bolted. If our very respected friend will please favor us with some more appropriate term than "connexion," we are perfectly willing to adopt it, and will thank him for his assistance. Until then we shall believe ourselves correct.

In another column we publish an account of the trial of a man named WOOLLEY, in New York, for an attempt to commit murder. This Woolley is the individual who some time since appeared in this city, and by handbills freely circulated and put up on the corners, notified the inhabitants of his intention to lecture on *orthodoxy* and *heterodoxy*. If we are correctly informed, he strongly advocated the infidel principles of Fanny Wright—recommended the total abolition of the present disposition of society and sexual intercourse, as proposed by her, and entered fully into the views of this woman, whose pernicious and demoralizing principles were given to the citizens of Philadelphia by herself, and some few of her disciples, in the form of lectures, tracts, &c. not long since.

More recently, however, we noticed this same Woolley, on several occasions, at the Mayor's office in this city. He appeared one day and entered a complaint against certain females, residing in a house of ill fame, for stealing his pocket book. They charged him with *perjury*, and adduced some apparently substantial reasons.—When bail was required he brought one of his proselytes to enter security, but the man had so little faith in his own *sentiments* that he flinched!—Woolley was in jail, for a short time, but was subsequently discharged, as the whole matter was in the hands of such disreputable persons, that the truth of the case could not be arrived at.

The Mayor of this city was recently on a visit to New York, to give some testimony in relation to certain persons concerned in the robbery of the City Bank. While listening to the trial, as is reported in another column, he recognized in the prisoner, the same Woolley with whom he had had such trouble in this city. Of course this recognition was but little to the advantage of the defendant.

The above facts are cited to show what the set of men would be, and what the condition of society, were the restraints of religion to be once cast off. The virtuous would have no safety against the vicious, who, prowling about like demons, would fasten their fangs wherever their unholy propensities would lead them. The acts of many infidels, even when government is in the hands of persons who acknowledge the influence of religion, and who, consequently, as far as lies in their power, the progress of vice, is a bold and faithful commentary on their doctrines. If under this disadvantage, and with public opinion strongly against them, they perpetrate crimes of the darkest hue, what might be expected were they allowed latitude to act as they desire? and what would result were the guardians of public morals to be placed in their hands?

The Fire Engines of Fayetteville, N. C. were consumed at the great fire in that place, a short time since. A subscription has been set on foot by the firemen of Boston, Charlestown, Roxbury and Cambridge for the purpose of obtaining fire apparatus to send on to Fayetteville.

SWINDLING IN LOTTERIES.

The last number of "Canfield's American Argus," contains some important facts in relation to fraud in certain existing Lottery schemes, which are deeply interesting to the public.—That we have long been decidedly opposed to the whole business of Lotteries, in whatever shape they are presented, our readers are well aware. This opposition, as we have before stated, is based on the belief that their tendencies are directly to evil—that they invariably impoverish the poor—that they lead to drunkenness, gambling, and all sorts of dissipation—and that the objects for which they are instituted are, for these and a variety of other causes, dearly purchased, when purchased by the aid of money raised by them. All this is abstract from the question of fraud existing in the schemes. We oppose them because we believe they are pregnant with evil, supposing the plan of drawing, the calculations, &c. are honestly arranged. We therefore think, that since the Permutation system has been proven a fraudulent one, by a person who for years has been acquainted with the business, and who consequently has an intricate knowledge of the whole arrangements, we have additional strong and powerful arguments to show why they ought to be abolished.

Mr. Canfield, although a strong friend to Lotteries in general, has published his "PUBLIC PROTEST" against the Permutation schemes, because he believes the Managers have it in their power to defraud the public. Speaking of the drawing of the Washington scheme, in April, 1826, he says:

"At that time, we contracted a suspicion that the *Permutation* was not *simple* and perfect like the *Combination* system; but *compound*, and capable of secret arrangement; that even Managers might so class the Tickets that if two sets of the six were sold to the public, the two capitals drawn by those sets would not be the $60,000 and the $40,000, the two highest named in the scheme—but would be, either the $60,000 and the $10,000—the $40,000 and the $15,000, or the $25,000 and the $20,000 prize, and that of such a result the Managers would be certain. But we then had such full employment for our time that we could not give the matter any further particular attention. Perhaps even we were a little disposed to mistrust our own senses rather than suppose the public officers entrusted with the scheme could be guilty of a dereliction from duty. But when the permutation plan was brought within our field of operations, by the publication of schemes in New York, we gave to the subject the attention necessary; and from the conviction we formed, the duty devolves upon us, however unpleasant, of shewing forth the practicabilities of the permutation scheme in their true nature."

To prove the existence of fraud, he introduces into the Argus twelve columns of rule and figure work, in which he gives various modifications of the system, and copious tables of calculation.—We have not room nor leisure to pursue the subject to the same length he has done, but shall content ourselves for the present by subjoining another paragraph of his *exposure*:—

"Lotteries, to be perfectly fair, should permit the chance of every adventurer to be equally good with any other chance or chances, for the prizes contained or held forth in the scheme. And we here remark, that if all the Tickets in a Permutation Scheme are printed, and the same offered promiscuously to the public, either in single tickets or packages, then the chances for the prizes in the permutation schemes are fair. But if tickets in a permutation scheme are not offered promiscuously to the public, that is to say, if an adventurer cannot purchase six tickets containing the same three numbers, through the six different permutations, or a ticket with any of the six permutations of the same three numbers, then the Lottery is unfair. In such a case he might hold hundreds of tickets, and instead of getting as many capitals as are held out in the scheme, his chance for capitals is confined to the set or sets to which his tickets belong; and although he has 2, 5, 10, or 100 tickets, he must have the same three numbers on some two or more of his tickets in different orders, else it is at once certain that he cannot draw more than one of the six highest capitals. The same rule also holds good with respect to any other of the capitals in the present scheme, determined by any three of the drawn numbers.

"This *certainty* in the hands of the Manager for some of the capitals in permutation schemes, and the representation of splendid prizes that must certainly be drawn by combinations in sets, probably never printed, renders the permutation plan unfair, to say the least, towards the adventurer. And furthermore, the plan is unfair, because susceptible of the foregoing arrangements in a manner that blinds suspicion: for tickets from every set may be printed and offered for sale, and yet be selected for sale in such a manner, that for every 7140 tickets sold, the Manager will be sure of selling *only one of the six highest capitals!* To do this, it is but necessary to have a list of the numbers of the packages, to select packages therefrom in a similar manner, that moves are made on the draught board; *e. g.* package numbers 1, 57, 113, 169, 225 and 281: then packages, numbers 7, 63, 119, 175, 231 and 287, &c. Taking the packages, or tickets, and offering them in this order to the public, no two on each of the 7140 tickets sold will contain the same three numbers, twice in their combinations. Consequently the result as to the number of prizes, is the same to the Manager as though one particular set of the six was sold entire, while at the same time there is an appearance that the tickets are offered indiscriminately to adventurers."

We look upon Lotteries as an evil of no small magnitude—an evil which, if appreciated as it ought to be, would arouse up the public to action, and we trust that the publication to which we have above alluded, will have the effect of instituting a rigid investigation, so that the whole system may be viewed in its true light.

WEST'S PAINTING.—We would again call the attention of our readers to this celebrated Painting. Another opportunity to see "*Christ Rejected*," may never offer, and no person should neglect the present, as productions of this kind are indeed scarce. The painter, the subject, the splendid execution of the work, are all deeply interesting—the first as being an American artist, rivalling the most eminent painters of older countries; the second because it calls to mind the ingratitude with which the Saviour of all mankind was treated, and teaches us a lesson of humility; and the third because it is a magnificent production, developing genius of the highest order—a lasting honour to the painter, and a source of pleasing gratification to all who have the least taste for the works of art.

Those who have not the leisure to visit the painting during the day, will find no inconvenience from viewing it by candle-light—indeed many prefer the evening, as the disposition of the lights in the room, produces a beautiful effect on the picture.

The proprietor of the painting—Mr. WEST—has, with commendable liberality, announced that the receipts of this day, will be appropriated to the relief of the Fayetteville sufferers. The charitable will thus have an opportunity of doing something for those in distress, and at the same time obtaining an abundant recompense for their money, by examining this great picture.

Treaties of Peace have been concluded between the Creek and Osage Indian tribes, and between the Cherokees and Osages. The adjustment of the difficulties heretofore existing between these tribes, was brought about by the exertions of some of the American agents. The meeting of the parties took place at Cantonment Gibson, on the 5th of May, and lasted fourteen days.

CASE OF BARKER.

In our last we briefly alluded to the singular circumstances connected with the murder of this unfortunate man, and to the fact that matters were in a train to ferret out the murderers. We have since made further inquiry into the affair, and are enabled to subjoin a more correct statement.

A man named BARKER, who followed the business of a Drover, was for many years in the habit of visiting this city, disposing of his stock, and making purchases for the west. In his habits he was exceedingly eccentric—in his dress still more singular and unique. He usually wore a leathern belt round his middle, in which was secured his money; a kind of moccasons for shoes; and for a covering, occasionally, a large cloth drab coat, which he has been seen to have on him in the hottest days of July.

The last visit this Barker made to this city, was in the summer of 1825. He brought, as usual, a large drove of horses, and by their sale, came in possession of a considerable sum of money. He started away from his lodging place, one evening, leaving word that he intended going to the cellar of one Smith Crowell, residing in Shippen street, and that he should return before bed time. He, however, did not return that night, nor in the morning, and some of his acquaintances feeling uneasy in regard to his safety, as they knew he had money with him, went in search. They found him in Shippen street, lying on the pavement, a few rods from the cellar above alluded to, and in the agonies of death! He was immediately conveyed to the hospital, and promptly received medical aid, but he died in a few hours after.

The circumstances, as many of our readers will remember, created considerable excitement at the time. The parties supposed to be implicated in the murder—for that he was murdered is beyond question—were arrested, and examined before Mayor Watson, but discharged for want of evidence.

Barker's family resided in Canada. His wife did not receive the news of his death for a considerable time after, and since then she has been anxious to come on, and use every exertion to bring the culprits to merited punishment. She heard of her husband's death by letter, but that he was murdered was, she says, revealed to her in a dream, and her present visit to this city was more immediately undertaken at the instance of certain impressions which laid strongly on her mind, that her husband had been foully dealt with.

On last Saturday week, she communicated these and other particulars to Mayor Richards, and solicited his aid in the affair. She desired the arrest of Crowell, and also that he would send for two other individuals, supposed to be concerned, who were some time ago committed to prison in New York, for robbery, that another examination might take place, in the hope of eliciting something bearing on the point. Crowell was brought up and examined, but there did not appear to be any *positive proof* against him, although many implicating circumstances were adduced. He was, however, committed to prison, where he now remains, bail being refused by Judge King, when brought before him, a few days after his committal by the Mayor, on a writ of *habeas corpus*.

It is thought by those best acquainted with this affair, that Barker was poisoned with laudanum.

The *Saratoga Powders*, prepared by Mr. George W. Carpenter, druggist and chemist, of Market street, possess many excellent qualities. They have greatly increased in credit and use with the public and the Medical Faculty, and they produce an agreeable beverage. We are given to understand that Mr. Carpenter has received numerous letters from distinguished physicians and others, which refer to his preparation in the most favourable terms. We believe their efficacy as a mild aperient, and sure tonic for the digestive organs is universally acknowledged. The demand for the powders in the Southern states is very considerable.

RATHER SQUALLY.

The following correspondence between two ex-members of the cabinet, we find in an extra of the United States Telegraph. It will be seen that the attempt to wring *satisfaction*—as the term goes among honourables—from Mr. Ingham proved abortive for the present. The dispute, as will be gathered from the correspondence, has arisen entirely from a female—the wife of Major Eaton—of whom certain disreputable things had been said, whether true or untrue, is not for us to determine. In relation to these matters strange rumours are afloat, but time which uniformly sifts surmises and falsehoods from facts, will prove an effectual winnower in this case, when the prejudices of parties in favour of their respective leaders, subside. Situated as matters now are in the United States, it is next to impossible—we blush to say it—to ascertain the real facts connected with any affair, in which party men are concerned. Each prominent politician is backed by a host of adherents, who deem it their bounden duty to stand by their leaders in every difficulty—defend them, whether they be right or wrong—and vilify and calumniate all in the opposition. This is truly a lamentable state of affairs. We will not, however, at this time, any longer detain our readers with observations on politics, as the correspondence is, in itself, very explicit.

MR. EATON TO MR. INGHAM.

Friday night, 17th of June, 1831.

SIR—I have studied to disregard the abusive slanders which have arisen through so debased a source as the columns of the U. S. Telegraph. I have been content to wait for the full development of what he had to say, and until persons of responsible character should be brought forth to endorse his vile abuse of me and my family. In that paper of this evening, is contained the following remark of my wife:—"It is proven that the Secretaries of the Treasury, and of the Navy, and of the Attorney General, refused to associate with her." This publication appears in a paper which professes to be friendly to you, and is brought forth under your immediate eye. I desire to know of you, whether or not you sanction, or will disavow it. The relation we have sustained towards each other authorizes me to demand an immediate answer.

Very respectfully, J. H. EATON.

S. D. INGHAM, Esq.

REPLY.

Washington, 18th June, 1831.

SIR—I have not been able to ascertain from your note of last evening, whether it is the publication referred to by you, or the fact stated in the Telegraph, which you desire to know whether I have sanctioned or will disavow. If it be the first you demand, it is too absurd to merit an answer. If it be the last, you may find authority for the same fact in a Philadelphia paper, about the first of April last, which is deemed to be quite as friendly to you as the Telegraph may be to me. When you have settled such accounts with your particular friends, it will be time enough to make demands of others. In the mean time, I take the occasion to say, that you must be not a little deranged, to imagine that any blustering of yours could induce me to disavow what all the inhabitants of this city know, and perhaps half the people of the United States believe to be true.

I am, sir, respectfully yours,

JOHN H. EATON, Esq. S. D. INGHAM.

MR. EATON TO MR. INGHAM.

18th of June, 1831.

SIR—I have received your letter of to-day, and regret to find that a frank and candid inquiry brought before you, an answer impudent and insolent is returned. To injury unprovoked, you are pleased to add insult. What is the remedy? It is to indulge the expectation that, though a man may be mean enough to slander, or base enough to encourage it, he yet may have bravery sufficient to repair the wrong. In that spirit I demand of you *satisfaction* for the wrong and injury you done me.

Your answer must determine whether you are so far entitled to the name and character of a gentleman as to be able to act like one. Very respectfully,

SAMUEL D. INGHAM, Esq. J. H. EATON.

REPLY.

Washington, 20th of June, 1831.

SIR—Your note of Saturday, purporting to be a demand of satisfaction for injury done to you, was received on that day; company prevented me from sending an immediate answer. Yesterday morning your brother-in-law, Dr. Randolph, intruded himself into my room, with a threat of personal violence. I perfectly understand the part you are made to play in the farce now acting before the American people. I am not to be intimidated by threats, or provoked by abuse, to any act inconsistent with the pity and contempt which your condition and conduct inspire.

Yours sir, respectfully,

JOHN H. EATON, Esq. S. D. INGHAM.

MR. EATON TO MR. INGHAM.

20th of June, 1831.

SIR—Your note of this morning is received. It proves to me that you are quite brave enough to do a mean action, but too great a coward to repair it. Your contempt I heed not; your pity I despise. It is such contemptible fellows as yourself that have set forth rumours of their own creation, and taken them as a ground of imputation against me. If that be good cause, then should you have pity of yourself, for your wife has not escaped them, and you must know it.* But no more; here our correspondence closes. Nothing more will be received short of an acceptance of my demand of Saturday, and nothing more be said to me until face to face we meet. It is not in my nature to brook your insults, nor will they be submitted to.

S. D. INGHAM, Esq. J. H. EATON.

*This attack on Mrs. Ingham is ungenerous, as that lady is universally beloved and respected.

A young man who arrived at New York on Wednesday from the south, attempted to commit suicide in the evening of the same day. He was prevented carrying his design into execution by some boarders in the hotel, at which he stopped. When asked why he attempted to commit such a deed, he replied by pointing to a paper on which was written, "Psha, failure—disgrace—death—farewell!"

Mr. Caleb A. Ore, No. 40, South Eighth Street, manufactures *Patent Seamless Boots and Shoes*, which appear to possess many advantages over those articles made in the usual way. The upper of the shoe or boot is a single piece of leather, and consequently has no seams to afflict the foot with pain or produce corns. They set easy, and are very neat in appearance.

YOUNG MEN'S MEETING.

The committee of the young men of the city and county of Philadelphia, who propose to celebrate the approaching anniversary of American Independence, without distinction of party, have selected as their orator on that occasion DAVID PAUL BROWN, Esq. The oration will be delivered in the fifth Presbyterian Church, (Dr. Skinner's,) Arch street, above Tenth street. The services of the morning will be opened and closed with a prayer from the Pastor of that Church. The following gentlemen have been appointed to preside at the dinner on the afternoon of the same day, at the Washington Hall.

President of the day.—Samuel J. Henderson, Esq.

VICE PRESIDENTS.

George M. Wharton,	Andrew Rogers,
Robert Morris,	Charles Schaffer,
Robert Hare, Jr.	William White.

Previously to the dinner, the Declaration of Independence will be read by F. A. Raybold, Esq.

Tickets for the dinner at the price of $1 50 each, may be obtained from any member of the committee of arrangement, which consists of the following gentlemen, viz:—S. J. Henderson, G. M. Wharton, Robert Morris, Robert Hare, jr., A. Rogers, Charles Schaffer, Wm. White, F. A. Raybold, E. Coolidge, B. R. Evans, B. W. Clark, Jesse Conard, R. T. Conrad, Jesse Groves, John Miles, J. M. Doran, James Goodman, G. L. Ashmead, P. Oakford, F. G. Wolbert, Geo. T. Tryon, Samuel F. Reed, Nathaniel Davis, B. Matthias, J. Ashton, jr., Willis G. Clark, Saml. Martin, Wm. Vodges, Moore Wharton, Lucius Hoyt, W. H. Jones, George W. Ward, Edwin Watkins, Stephen North, Dr. A. Jones, T. P. M'Mahon, Charles Naylor, J. W. Flickwir, J. Oakford, Robert Harvey, C. O'Neil, N. J. Chapman, T. E. Ashmead, Edward C. Allen, Henry Thompson.

N. G. FOSTER, *Treasurer.*

Subscription papers and tickets will also be left on Thursday morning, the 23d inst. at the following places:—Indee's National Hotel, Chestnut street; City Hotel, Heiskell & Niblo's, Third street; Independence Hotel, Ryckman's Chestnut street, and at the offices of the United States Gazette, Pennsylvania Inquirer, Daily Chronicle, American Sentinel, and Saturday Evening Post.

Published by order of the Committee,

GEO. M. WHARTON, *Chairman.*

B. R. EVANS,
WM. WHITE,
B. W. CLARK, } *Secretaries.*

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

On Sunday afternoon, Philip Wright, a black boy belonging to the schooner Water Witch of Petersburg, Va. fell into the Delaware at Dock street, and was drowned.

M. Fischer, of Vienna, has discovered a new process of bleaching straw. Instead of smoking it with sulphur, as heretofore, he steeps it in the *muriatic acid saturated with potash*. The straw bleached by this process never grows yellow, and is equally white, besides that it acquires a greater flexibility.

The Easton Argus says, that it is the intention of the Easton Washington Grays to make an excursion to this city next fall.

On Monday morning the scaffold of the building at the N. W. corner of Fifth and Market streets, gave way, and precipitated two of the workmen to the ground—though considerably hurt, we are happy to say, not dangerously so.

Flies are a great annoyance to families in the warm season. The best method to keep rid of them is to darken your room by closing the blinds, and to allow nothing which will attract them to stand exposed after meals. This is a sure preventative, and is worthy a hundred receipts for destroying them.

Mr. Philip Reese, of Upper Merion Township, Montgomery county, Pa. has a living gosling, which has four perfect legs, two wings, and one head—the hinder part appears to be double, with two rectums, and two tails, with large expanding feathers. It has the use of all its legs, and appears to be as healthy and thriving as any of the brood.

The Washington Globe says—Major Eaton ceased to act as Secretary of War on Saturday last, and Doctor Randolph, the Chief Clerk in the War Office, is appointed Acting Secretary in the interim.

The spirits of Camphor is a perfect protection from the bite of Musquetoes. One application of this wash will free a person from their attacks.

It is said a man in the Quebec Hospital chopped off his finger, which was laid by for two hours, at the end of that time it was fastened on with adhesive plaister, and perfect union and vitality was restored.

We learn that a distressing accident occurred at Harpers-Ferry on Tuesday last. One of the carpenters (whose name we have not heard) fell from the top of the house now building by Messrs. Russell and Fitzsimmons, and was instantly killed.

ACCIDENT.—Mr. Samuel Gray, of Berry Township, Columbia county, Pa. was returning from Pottsville with his team, on Saturday last; when near Turbutville, in endeavouring to alight from the wagon, he fell, and the wheels passed over his breast, which killed him instantly.

ANOTHER MURDER.—The Lancaster Herald of Friday last, says:—On the night of Thursday, the second inst. a man named Kautman, was so severely beaten by another named John Albright, as is supposed to have caused his death on the Sunday following.—Albright has been arrested, and is now in jail.

The elegant new corvette "United States," Capt. DeKay, sailed from New York on Friday last, for the Black Sea. The ship was built by H. Eckford, Esq., who, we understand, has taken passage in her for Europe.

POLICE.—His Honor the Mayor was yesterday cited to appear at the Police Office, on a complaint for some violation of the law for sweeping the streets, in front of a lot belonging to him in the upper part of Washington street. We understand that his Honor, like a good citizen, paid his fine without hesitation.—*Alb. Dai. Adv.*

FORGERY.—Yesterday a young man who has been for some time a student in a respectable Lawyer's office, presented a check for $1,500 on the Bank of America, purporting to have been drawn by a respectable firm in Pearl street. The forgery was instantly discovered at the Bank, and the person who attempted to pass it was given in charge to Mr. Benjamin Hays.—*N. Y. Cour.*

The Easton Whig of Friday says:—Last Sunday morning was found afloat in the Delaware, opposite Kensington, a box containing two infant children, dead. They were packed among shavings, and the box was nearly full of water—it is not known whether they were alive when put into the box.

UNION CANAL.—90 boats decended the Reading Locks during the week ending on Friday morning, chiefly freighted with lumber, grain, flour and whiskey; and 64 boats ascended, 27 of which contained cargoes of merchandise, salt, fish and plaster. The remainder empty.

It is stated in the Salem (Mass.) Mercury, that Joseph Peabody, Esq. of that town, pays about one-tenth of the whole taxes of the town, and that he employs and supports about one-tenth of the population. Mr. P. is an extensive merchant.

Since the determination of the Directors of the Ithaca and Oswego Rail-road to proceed to its contruction, real estate has advanced very rapidly in the village of Ithaca. An acre of ground, not in the centre of the village, which cost a short time since but a few hundred dollars, has recently been sold for $4500, and will, when cut up into building lots, afford a handsome profit to purchasers.—*Alb. Dai. Adv.*

The slave Elijah, on Saturday afternoon, between four and five o'clock, underwent the dreadful punishment of the law, for having wounded, with intention of killing, Mr. Kandely. A negro lad, about sixteen years old, formerly a companion of Elijah, was so much shocked at the fate of his companion, that he took spasms and died in a few hours.—*New Orleans Mercantile Advertiser.*

The Boston City Guards, under the command of Captain Kinsman, arrived at New York on Monday morning, in the steamboat Napoleon, from New Brunswick. They were met, on landing, by a detachment from the 27th regiment of artillery, being the 7th company of National Guards, commanded by Captain J. N. D. Wyckoff, by whom they were escorted to the Washington Parade Ground, in Fourth street, which place has been granted to them during their sojourn.

The steam-boat Western Virginia, one of the regular traders between St. Martinsville and New-Orleans, burst her boiler the latter part of last month, in ascending the bayou Plaquemine. We are happy to learn that no lives were lost, and that no person on board suffered any serious injury.

Twelve marriages were recently celebrated in Chesterfield county, Va. in the short space of six weeks. One parson did the whole work. It is reported that he got the dyspepsia from the unusual quantity of wedding cake and wine he managed.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The packet FRANCOIS I. has arrived at New York from Havre with Paris dates of May 17. The New York papers give these brief paragraphs as the only ones worth transmitting:—

The Gazette of the 17th says, the electoral lists are completed. From the information we have received from various departments, their lists will not change at all the state of the extreme left, and of the members of the centre. On the other hand, the members of the Right not having all decided a repairing to the election, it is certain this party cannot do much for itself in the colleges. All it could effect would be to give the victory to the republicans or the Doctrinaires.—Either result would be equally pernicious.

ITALY.—By a decree of the 20th April by the Papal Government, all those who have left its dominions, with or without passports, who were concerned in the late Revolutionary movements, will be condemned, and the laws executed against them in case of their return.

The Austrian Observer announces that the revolt of the Albanians had acquired consistence. The insurgents had taken Sophia, and the Grand Vizier was shut up at Manestia by the troops of the Pacha of Scutari.

WARSAW, May 5th.—The head quarters of the Poles were advanced on the 2d of May. A report of the Commander-in-Chief of that date speaks only of insignificant skirmishes.

VIENNA, May 5.—The evening before yesterday, news was brought from Lemberg to the Aulic Council of War, that General Dwernicki, with 4000 men and 17 pieces of cannon, had entered the Austrian territory, and asked protection against the Russians, which was granted to him, according to the existing regulations. The corps of the General Rudiger, who pursued him, had passed to some distance over the Austrian frontier, and continued the engagement till the Austrian officer on the spot advanced with a squadron of Huzzars, and threw himself between the combatants to make them cease firing. The appearance of Austrian troops produced its effect; the Poles retreated into the country, and the Russians did not hinder or pursue them.

It seems that the frontier at Klebanowka, in the circle of Tampol, where the Poles broke into Gallicia, is not clearly marked, for General Rudiger afterwards sent an apology, founded on this circumstance, for having entered the neutral territory. At the first moment the arms were not taken from the Polish troops. It is not known what orders are given respecting the Polish fugitives, but we know that our prudent and humane government will not consent to give them up. It is supposed, with good reason, that the soldiers will be quartered by companies in the country, and that places of abode will be assigned to the officers in the provincial towns of Inner Austria. Meantime, measures are taken for the support and care of the sick and wounded, and nothing that humanity prescribes is neglected. The defeat of General Sierawski exposed Dwernicki, and placed him in a most critical situation, especially as he met with but few adherents in Volhynia. All Dwernicki's efforts to escape his very superior enemy during the last twelve days of their march, in which they were continually harassed, (the Poles marched daily 7 German (32 Eng. miles) were in vain, when he found himself unexpectedly threatened by corps of General Roth, from Kamminezez Podolski. Mercantile letters from Simlin, speak of a victory gained by the Pacha of Scutari over the Grand Vizier, by which the road to Constantinople, which the Pacha announced as the object of his enterprize, was open to him.

BRUSSELS, May 13.—"A second attempt of the French and Republican party to throw the city into confusion, and to excite the lower orders to acts of violence and pillage, has been completely frustrated by the precautionary measures of government, supported by the civil guard and regular troops.

The recent favourable intelligence from England, the increasing hope that Prince Leopold will accept the crown, while it raised the drooping spirits of the friends of independence and repose, carried despair into the hearts of those individuals whose political existence depends upon a prolongation of anarchy and confusion. Seeing that they have no chance of defeating this desirable combination in the walls of Congress, they resolved to pursue no other plan could be devised than that of plunging the city into such a state of agitation and disorder, as would naturally disgust and prepossess Prince Leopold against the country. For this purpose the columns of their oracle have been filled with violent epithets and declamations against the minister who proposed the prince, who desires to accept, and the Holy Alliance, who supports the combination. For this purpose, large sums of money, coming from France, have been distributed among the lower orders and soldiers, and no efforts have been spared, either to inflame the one or to corrupt the other.

This important question is vitally connected, not with the independence of this country alone, but with the peace of Europe; and is no longer a mere matter of speculation, but an indisputable fact, reduced to the narrowest possible limit of space.

The Congress meets on the 10th. Unless the ministers are enabled to lay before that body, upon that or the following day, some decisive or positive answer—some documents by which they can prove that a few days must bring the negotiation to a definitive and successful termination, they must either resign, or, yielding to the national impulse, declare war on Holland.

The results of such a declaration require no explanation; they are self-evident. War with Holland must be a war of aggression. It is impossible, in this case, to suppose that England or Prussia would remain tranquil spectators; they must interfere. The natural consequence of such interference would be, a general conflagration; for to calculate upon the assistance of France is absurd. M. C. Perrier may lull our ministry into security, and sooth them with fallacious hopes, but it requires no spirit of prophecy to predict the final issue. In the present spirit of the French nation, it is not to be expected that they will co-operate in the dismemberment of Belgium. They will have all or nothing; and little doubt can be entertained that, if the sword be once drawn, the bars leontina will fall to their share.

Every person having the slightest acquaintance with the state of public feeling in this country, must be aware, that the question is reduced to one of two points, Prince Leopold or war.

It is reported in the journals that the British ministry has declined suffering any interference with Prince Leopold, and that they have left the question entirely to his Royal Highness's decision. This can hardly be true; for the time must come, when the nation will demand an account from government, relative to its foreign policy. If this opportunity of averting war be neglected, their responsibility will be immense. Absorbed, as the people of England are, in the all engulfing subject of reform, they have no time to look abroad; but, when the vital point shall be settled, and they are roused to a sense of the truth, by the announcement of a foreign and general war, they will not be slow to express their surprize, that the government did not support, with all its energy, a combination which is pregnant with so many advantages, not only to England, but to all Europe: for it is indisputable, that there is no medium between Prince Leopold and general war.

We would again beg the indulgence of our subscribers for any omissions which the new carriers we have put upon several city walks, may make. We are exceedingly desirous that no cause of complaint shall exist, and we think none will, when the persons we have employed to carry the Post, become acquainted with the residences of our friends.

THEATRICAL ITEMS.

CHESNUT STREET THEATRE.—The drama of the Lady of the Lake, was produced at this house on Saturday—Roderick by Mr. Riley, and Fitz James by Mr. Isherwood. On Tuesday Mr. Allen made his first appearance in Goldfinch and Dr. Bolus. Mr. Murdock, the young gentleman who, some time ago, made a successful *debut* at this house, and who, more recently, has been performing in the south, with decided approbation, appeared on Wednesday, having obtained the house for a benefit. He appeared as Jaffier, in Venice Preserved, and as Didler, in Raising the Wind. Mr. Coyle took a benefit on Thursday, on which occasion he appeared as Richard the Third. Mr. Porter's benefit is announced to take place on Monday evening.

WALNUT STREET THEATRE.—Among the many novelties recently produced by the enterprising managers of this theatre, is a new drama, called the "*Wreith of the Lake; or, the Brownie's Brig*," which has been got up at much expense, and in a manner that certainly does credit to the house. The piece possesses more than ordinary merits, and is certainly interesting to the lovers of the drama. The scenery, painted for the piece, by Mr. J. R. Smith, jun. is truly splendid, and adds no trifle to the already well established reputation of the artist.

The successful Irish Drama of Kathleen O'Neil, will be performed this evening.

To Readers and Correspondents.

The Lines by "LOANDO" are received, and put on file.

The poetry from our fair correspondent, "MARIAN," is excellent, but we have some doubts as to its being original. She will recollect a circumstance which occurred a few weeks since, in relation to some verses bearing nearly the same title.

"CONSCIENCE," by J. W., shall have a place shortly.

OBITUARY.

Departed this life, at Salem, N. J. on the 20th instant, LUCY SMITH, of consumption. She was blessed with a strong mind and an amiable disposition, in which patience under afflictions, and fortitude during severe trials, shone pre-eminent. During more than twelve years of pain and suffering, in which the afflictions of body were such that exhausted nature almost sunk under the load, she was scarcely known to utter a complaint or breathe a murmur.

The subject of this brief notice had attained her 40th year, before Providence saw fit to take her to her eternal rest. She died as she had lived, piously resigned to his all wise and over-ruling dispensations. She lived as she wished to live—in the discharge of those duties which family and circumstance had placed upon her—in the active exercise of philanthropic and benevolent motives—in endearing herself by her conciliating, meek, and even deportment, to those around her, and in most strongly attaching herself to those whom connexion of family had placed more immediately in her daily sphere. Her loss is severely felt and deeply regretted—and yet, who that knows the heavy afflictions to which of late years she had been so constantly subject, and who that has observed her patience and forbearance, when the darkest clouds of suffering burst upon her, can regret her release from this world of sickness and sorrow—this vale of tears—when he knows that although his loss is great, her gain is infinite! even immortal life.

Lucy Smith lived indeed an example worthy of being followed—a pattern for her sex. She affords a most beautiful instance of strength and fortitude under intense suffering—of the peaceful life which those lead, who adhere strictly to the precepts of virtue and religion, and of the triumphant and glorious exit which those make, who follow their Divine Master through life—from childhood to age—and under all circumstances repose in his goodness, wisdom and providence. May many emulate her deeds, and be alike successful in holding out to the end!

Died, on the 22d inst. at his father's residence, in Lombard street, near Tenth, CHARLES W. WILSON, son of [illegible], of a very distressing disease, which he bore with christian fortitude and resignation to the last moment of his existence. A young man just arrived at the prime of life, who in the short period of four months since, was in the full enjoyment of health, and bodily strength, and now, alas! laid low in the dust.—The friend who offers this tribute to his memory, can in common with many others with whom he was surrounded, bear witness to his many virtues, his generous and feeling heart, his correct deportment, his mild and conciliating disposition; qualities which endeared to him a large circle of friends and acquaintances, who now mourn his loss, and with whom his recollection will long be cherished.

Letter Bags at the Merchants' Coffee House.

Ship Adeline, Bunting,	Hamburg,	soon
Ship Edward Bonaffee, Van Dyke,	New Orleans,	"
Br. Barque Royal Adelaide, Tate,	Liverpool,	"
Br. Brig Canal, Warnock,	Liverpool,	"
Brig Caroline, Wicks,	Liverpool,	"
Brig Waltham, Sheldon,	Liverpool,	"
Bremen Brig Germania, Kimme,	Bremen,	"
Brig Philadelphia, Hall,	Tampico,	"
Schr. Amelia, Campbell,	Mobile,	"

SHIP NEWS.

Foreign Arrivals at this Port.

June 21.—Arrived, ship Pioneer, Mabury, Liverpool, 29 days—mdze to W. & H. Colhoun. Sailed on the afternoon of May 18—brings the Liverpool Courier of the 18th, and the London Morning Herald of the 17th of May.

Ship Thames, Tucker, London, via Plymouth 10th May, 35 days—mdze to Jos. R. Evans. Passengers, John Harding, Esq. lady and servant, Miss Louisa H. de Medina, and 103 in the steerage. The Thames has been within 50 miles of the Capes for 8 days past and detained by calms, took a pilot on Wednesday, and came in the bay on Saturday night.

Brig Colombian, Rossington, Havana, 8 days—sugar, &c. to R. Huddell. The Colombian has performed the voyage in 28 days. She had 7 days out, 8 days home, and was in port of Havana 13 days. Sailed 11th inst.

Schr. Susan, Matthews, St. Jago de Cuba, 23 days—sugar and coffee to C. L. R. De Chamon. On the 4th June, took off Key Francis, the officers and crew of the schr. Mary, Stewart, of Baltimore, wrecked May 31st, at midnight, on Key Francis. The Mary, Stewart, was from Cape Haytien, bound to Baltimore, with a cargo of coffee, &c. Vessel and cargo lost.

Ham. brig Antoinette, Latterman, 50 days from Hamburg, with mdze to Verin & Von Lenzerke.

June 22.—Brig Ocean, Dubuz, Ponce, P. R. 14 days—sugar, molasses and coffee, to Linn & Riche. Sailed on the morning of the 5th, and entered the Delaware on the 19th inst.

Schr. Hilaray, Warnack, St. Thomas, 13 days—rum and sugar, to J. B. McIlvaine.

Brig Globe, Devereux, Pernambuco, 25 days—with sugar and hides, to John Devereux.

ALMANAC.

1831. JUNE.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES
25 Saturday,	4 35	7 25	2 19	
26 Sunday,	4 35	7 25	2 54	
27 Monday,	4 35	7 25	3 45	[illegible]
28 Tuesday,	4 35	7 25	4 34	
29 Wednesday,	4 36	7 24	5 22	Last 3 10 19
30 Thursday,	4 36	7 24	6 10	New 10 1 56
1 Friday,	4 36	7 24	6 57	1st 18 10 54
2 Saturday,	4 36	7 24	7 45	Full 25 1 59

Baptist Mariners' Church, by divine permission, will have worship on board the British ship, Royal Adelaide, Capt. Tate, lying at the Wharf below Arch street, Sabbath Afternoon, at 5 o'clock.

Seamen are invited to attend.

NOTICE.—Philadelphia Institute. A Lecture on the moral reformation of the world, by a new instrument, will be given in the Lecture Room in Cherry street, on next Sabbath morning, at 10 o'clock. As this is to be the last lecture for the present season, all the young men who have heretofore attended, and young mechanics generally are invited to be present.

MARRIAGES.

On Thursday the 16th instant, by the Rev. Z. Fuller, Mr. MOSES QUIGLEY, to Miss SARAH ATKINSON, all of this city.

On Thursday, 16th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Furness, Mr. DAVID WHITING, jr. of Boston, Mass. to Miss ALMIRA E. SPRINGER of Portland, Mass.

On the 16th inst. by the Rev. E. Ashton, Mr. JAMES G. TURNER, of Connsville, Pa. to Miss HARRIET MILLER, of Sunbury, Pa.

On Thursday, 16th inst. at the house of the Rev. Joseph M'Cool, by the Rev. Lee Montgomery, Mr. LEVER KING, to Miss MARY JANE M'COOL, formerly of Philadelphia.

At Baltimore, on the 14th inst. by the Right Rev. Archbishop Whitfield, DOMINICK EAGLE, Merchant, of Columbia, (Pa.) to CAROLINE W. daughter of Mr. William Hesson, of Cecil county, Md.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. Joseph H. Jones, JOEL JONES, of Easton, to ELIZA P. daughter of the late Dr. JOHN SPARHAWK, of this city.

On Friday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Winchester, Mr. WILLIAM F. NORTH, to Miss MARGARETTA N. LOCKWOOD, both of this city.

On Sunday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Dodge, Mr. JAS. ROSEWELL, of Troy, to Miss HESTER VICKERY, of this city.

On Thursday evening, by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. DANIEL ENGLAND, of New Jersey, to Miss SARAH T. CLARK, of this city.

On Sunday evening, the 12th inst. by the Rev. William C. Mead, Mr. JAMES L. WEST, of this city, to Miss MARY SERINA, daughter of the late Capt. John Shaw, of Southwark.

On Wednesday evening, the 15th inst. by the Rev. M. M. Carll, Mr. DANIEL HOPPER, to Miss EMMA COBB, both of this city.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. Z. Fuller, Mr. JESSE M. CHRISTOPHER, to Miss MARY ANN M'GEE, all of this city.

On the 15th inst. by Augustus D. Tarr, Esq. JOHN F. HENRY, Esq. of New Jersey, to Miss MARY ANN PATTERSON, of Philadelphia.

At New York, on Tuesday evening, by his Honor, the Mayor, Mr. BENJAMIN C. PARVIN, formerly of the city of Philadelphia, merchant, to Miss ANN ELIZA KENNEDY, of Fishkill, Dutchess county.

At Newcastle, on Thursday morning, 16th inst. by the Rev. John M. Dickey, JOHN D. BIRD, to LUCINDA, eldest daughter of John Moody, Esq. of that place.

On the evening of the 18th inst. by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. JOHN MILLS, to Miss RACHAEL DOUHERTY.

On the evening of the 19th inst. by the same, Mr. HENRY W. DITMAN, to Miss ELIZABETH TUSTIN, all of Kensington.

On Saturday evening by the Rev. J. L. Grant, ALFRED WILSON, to KESIAH HOPKINS, all of this city.

On Tuesday evening, by the Rev. J. L. Grant, Mr. JAS. SHARP, Printer, to Miss DIANA SHADE, of the Northern Liberties.

DEATHS.

At the residence of his brother-in-law, Lloyd Roberts, near West Chester, Pa. Mr. PHILIP TROLL, of Reading, Pa. in the 33d year of his age.

On Thursday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, after a lingering and painful illness of upwards of seven years, which she bore with christian fortitude and resignation, Mrs. CATHARINE SCHOCH, wife of George Schoch, in the 54th year of her age.

In England lately, in her twenty-third year, SUSANNAH, youngest daughter of ROBERT BOYD, of Scriba, near Seaford. Though born of parents rather below the middle size, this extraordinary girl, when 19 years old, weighed 81 1-2 stone. She measured seven feet one inch in length, and 23 inches across the chest. Her figure was remarkably well proportioned, not by any means clumsy, nor yet too slight.

On Saturday, 18th inst. of a short illness, the Rev. NICHOLAS A. WILSON, of Elizabethtown, N. J. aged 25 years.

On Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, Mrs. ELLENOR REES aged 64.

At Trenton, N. J. on the 22d instant, BENJAMIN W. FAXSON, son of Samuel Paxson, of consumption, aged 19 years.

On Saturday evening the 18th inst. PETER C. MEYERS.

This morning, 15th inst. of a short but painful illness, THOMAS T. STILES, Esq. in the 47th year of his age.

On Monday, 20th inst. [illegible]

On Thursday afternoon, 16th inst. Mrs. MARGARET DUY, in the 57th year of her age, consort of the late John H. Duy.

On the evening of the 20th inst. in the 73d year of her age, Mrs. CATHRINE LAYER.

On Tuesday morning, 21st inst. in the 86th year of her age, Mrs. REBECCA PHILLIPS.

On Tuesday evening, 21st inst. after a short illness, of a pulmonary complaint, B. LATOUCHE, in the 46th year of his age.

On Tuesday afternoon, the 21st inst. SUSAN SMITH, daughter of the late George Binder, in the 25th year of her age.

On Sunday morning, the 19th inst. Mr. JOHN WEAVER, in the 48th year of his age.

Departed this transitory life, in the city of New Orleans, on the 25th of May last, JOHN ADAMS PAXTON, Esq. in the 46th year of his age.

Mr. Paxton was a native of Trenton, New Jersey, and was an immediate descendant of a very respectable Irish family, who emigrated to America previous to the Revolution, and took an active part in that remarkable contest, which severed the bonds of British agression, and made us a free and happy people. His mind was of the first order, and he ranked among the literary men of the day as a scholar of great eminence. Early in life, he married the eldest daughter of the late Captain Samuel Bulfinch, of Philadelphia, but having buried his wife, who fell a victim to that dreadful scourge the yellow fever, which in 1822, devastated the fairest portion of New Orleans, it is supposed this circumstance produced a settled melancholy on his mind, from which he never recovered, and finally eventuated in his death. He was second officer of the Custom House at New Orleans.

He was the author of the original map of the city of Philadelphia, of several geographical works, and for a number of years publisher of the Philadelphia Directory, which useful publication he introduced into New Orleans. He has left two amiable daughters to mourn the loss of a kind father, and of one who was a friend to the whole human race.

The writer of this article was an intimate friend of Mr. Paxton, and as such, he could do no more than perform this final act of tribute to the memory of one whom he highly esteemed, and trusts that his spirit has winged its flight to the mansions of eternal bliss, where sorrow is known no more. "REQUIESCAT IN PACE."

Mercantile Writing.

BOLD, free, elegant writing, such as the exigencies of business demand, being produced by the corresponding action of the arm, hand, and fingers, mutually concurring in the execution.

The principal movement is that of the whole arm,
The second movement, that of the fore arm and hand.
The third and last movement, that of the fingers.

Each of these movements, their combinations and application, are separately acquired by an interesting process; the elbow, wrist and fingers forming the human machine for writing, and the arm the propelling power. Therefore, the greatest excellence of character, freedom of execution, and facility of attainment. Its unrivalled success having excited general interest and admiration, every expense and attention will be paid, to merit and sustain increasing patronage. Regular classes commence the first of every month. Instruction in BOOK KEEPING as usual. Apply to T. McLANAHAN,
Commercial School of Philadelphia, 61 & 62, Arcade.
june 25—3t*

20 Dollars Reward.

THE Store of the Subscribers was broken open on the night of Monday, the 20th inst. and robbed of one bag of coffee, some tea, two bombazet coats, and other articles. The desk was broken open and about $5 in small change, and from two to three hundred cents taken therefrom.

The above Reward will be given for the detection of the thief or thieves, on their conviction. J. & S. EDENBORN,
South west corner of 13th and Montgomery streets.
june 25—1t*

WANTED,

TWO apprentices to the Black and White Smith business—boys from the country would be preferred. Apply to Thomas [illegible] june 25—3t*

Marshall's Saratoga Powders,

For making Congress Spring or Saratoga Waters.

PRICE 50 CENTS PER BOX.

THE valuable qualities of the Congress Springs at Saratoga, have gained a celebrity that appears as firmly as it is justly established, and the concourse of visitors who annually frequent them, affords a well grounded expectation that they will always continue the resort of invalids. The expense of travelling to the springs, and the difficulty of procuring the bottled water in its pure state, are such insurmountable obstacles to its general use, that numbers in this extensive country, through locality of situation, are necessarily total strangers to its salutary effects; who, no doubt, would feel themselves glad to use it, were it to be obtained at a moderate price. The powders here introduced, will effect much in obviating those inconveniences; and by using them in the manner directed, a glass of Saratoga Water may be formed at pleasure, as agreeable, and in no respect inferior in medical qualities to that which is drank from the fountain.

They have been found extremely useful in most complaints of the stomach, particularly in those where all other aperient medicines cannot be retained; and are recommended and used with propriety in all those chronic cases where cathartics and gentle aperients are indicated.

One of the most valuable properties these powders possess, is that, when properly taken, they may be persevered in for almost any length of time, without debilitating the alimentary canal, or in any way impairing the digestive powers of the stomach.

The good effects of these powders are, likewise, particularly noticed in obstructions of the liver, and other organs connected with the stomach and intestines. They are unrivalled in cases of head ache, loss of appetite, giddiness in the head, flatulence, lowness of spirits, bilious disorders, and most of the complaints resulting from a residence in a warm climate. They are particularly recommended to persons travelling in the summer season, or residing in the Southern states, for their convenience in forming a cooling and agreeable beverage.

These powders are carefully prepared, with the greatest possible degree of chemical perfection, in conformity to the most recent analysis of the waters, and are warranted equal, if not superior, to any offered to the public. Prepared and sold, only, at CHARLES MARSHALL'S
Drug and Chemical Store, No. 6 Minor street between Fifth and Sixth, south side, Philadelphia.
june 25—tf

Drafts and Notes Collected.

THE Subscriber having good Agencies throughout the United States, will collect or purchase Notes, Drafts, Bank Checks, and Certificates of Deposit, payable in the following places, on the most reasonable terms: viz.

Portland,	York,	Winchester,
Boston,	Gettysburg,	Leesburg,
Newport,	Chambersburg,	Charleston,
Providence,	Pittsburg,	Lancaster,
Hartford,	Wilmington,	Raleigh,
New Haven,	New Castle,	Newbern,
New York,	Dover,	Wilmington,
Albany,	Baltimore,	Fayetteville,
Troy,	Annapolis,	Charleston,
Utica,	Easton, Md.	Columbia, S. C.
Rochester,	Washington,	Savannah,
Newark,	Georgetown,	Augusta,
New Brunswick,	Alexandria,	Nashville,
Easton,	Richmond,	Knoxville,
Reading,	Petersburg,	Louisville,
Lancaster,	Lynchburg,	Lexington,
Harrisburg,	Fredericksburg,	Cincinnati,
Carlisle,	Norfolk,	Chilicothe,

And many others, not enumerated.

Drafts at sight on the principal cities, may always be had, in amounts to suit purchasers.

SYLVANUS LEHMAN,
Stock and Exchange Broker, No. 4 1-2, South Third street.
June 25—3t

Baker's Intelligence Office,

ESTABLISHED in May, 1811, No. 3 Franklin Place.—Procures Houses and Parts, Boarders, Partners, Clerks, Overseers, Journeymen, Apprentices, Farmers, Gardeners, Coachmen, Waiters, Stage Drivers, Grooms, Bar Keepers, Ostlers, Porters, House Keepers, Wet Nurses, Seamstresses, Chamber and Cook's Maids, men and women Cooks, Travelling men and women, Dairy Maids, Bound Children and bought Servants.

For Sale, The time of a coloured boy, 15 years old, and six years to serve. Do. A Girl 11, and seven to serve.

Cooks and girls for house work, provided with situations *gratis*.

A child to put out to wet nurse. June 11—4t*

Valuable Real Estate for Sale.

PURSUANT to the last Will and Testament of Isaac Thomas, deceased, there will be exposed to Public Sale on the Premises, on Thursday, the 7th day of July, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, a VALUABLE FARM, containing fifty two acres and fifty one perches of Land, situate in the pleasant village of Milestown, in Bristol Township, Philadelphia county, six miles north from the city of Philadelphia.

There are on the Premises, about twelve acres of Watered Meadow, and as much Woodland, well timbered. The remainder arable and in the highest and best state of cultivation.

The Improvements are, a large two story Stone Messuage, pleasantly situated, stone Barn, stone Spring-house near the house, over a never-failing spring, a Tan Yard, with all the necessary buildings belonging to that establishment.—Likewise, a neat two story stone Tenant's House, and other out buildings.

ALSO,

Immediately after the sale of the above Farm, will be exposed to Public Sale, a Valuable HOUSE AND LOT of Four Acres of Land, situate in the pleasant and healthy village of Branchtown. The House is of stone, large and commodious. A Piazza, and Kitchen, and Store, adjoining; a neat stone Barn, and an excellent Orchard, with fruit of different kinds.

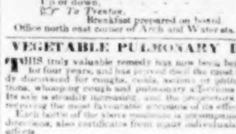
Both of the above-mentioned Properties are situated on the Cheltenham and Willow Grove Turnpike Road, and where stages are passing daily, which make it convenient to get to the city.

The Terms, which will be made easy, will be made known at the time and place of Sale, by

ELIZA THOMAS, *Executrix*, and
GEO. De BENNEVILLE,
ISAAC ELLIOTT, } *Executors.*

N. B.—Persons wishing to view the above-mentioned Property, will please to apply to either of the Executors, who will shew the same. june 25—2t

Sunday Excursion.



STEAM-BOAT Philadelphia, Capt. Kellum, will leave Arch Street Wharf on Sunday morning next, at 7 o'clock, for Burlington, Bristol and Bordentown,—returning the same afternoon.

Fare up and down, 75 cts.
Up or down, 50 cts.
To Trenton, 75 cts.

Breakfast prepared on board.

Office north east corner of Arch and Water sts. may 21—tf

VEGETABLE PULMONARY BALSAM.

THIS truly valuable remedy has now been before the public for four years, and has proved itself the most valuable remedy discovered for coughs, colds, asthma or phthisic, consumptions, whooping cough and pulmonary affections of every kind. Its sale is steadily increasing, and the proprietors are constantly receiving the most favourable accounts of its effects.

Each bottle of the above medicine is accompanied with printed directions, also certificates from many individuals of its salutary effects.

For sale by ISAAC THOMPSON, N. W. corner of Market and Second streets, and J. W. FLICKWIR, South Second street, opposite Girard. june 25—[illegible]

THE OLIO

**Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavour.**

From the Boston Centinel.

A SKETCH.

I met a youth some time ago,
His age, perhaps, eighteen,
He had as stout and broad a back
As any one I've seen.
He stuck a stock beneath his chin,
He comb'd and queu'd his hair,
And ever as he march'd about,
His cry was "*Vive la guerre!*"

I saw a most romantic youth,
In spectacles and shoes,
Who never smok'd a bad cigar,
And never had the blues,
And every sylph that pass'd him by
Threw out a glance as lure;
He bow'd, and smil'd and caught the bait,
And murmured "*Vive l'Amour!*"

I saw another gentleman
Before a tavern-bar—
He set him down and drank his glass,
And lighted his cigar.
And louder—louder rose his voice,
As higher rose the can,
And while his kindling cheek took fire,
He shouted "*Vive le vin!*"

* * * * *

Some years pass' on—I saw the first—
That is, saw his remains;
For many a knock and ugly poke
He'd gotten for his pains.
The Curaissiers had goug'd his eye,
The Lancers' Corps had done
Some mischief poking him about—
And so his course was run.

I saw the second, and I found
That Zoe had been cruel—
He told me that he never smok'd,
But din'd on water gruel.
You've seen the watch patrol the streets—
As slowly did he move—
I gaz'd upon the skeleton,
And muttered "Such is love!"

I saw the third come down the street
Quite in the zig zag style—
He tried to make a human bow,
And smile a Christian smile.
Wo for his perpendicular!—
It was forever gone—
He slept—a brick bat at his heels,
And 'neath his head a stone.

I hasten'd home, and sigh'd no more
To join the heady fight—
To walk about entranc'd in love,
And take cold in the night.
I vow'd I'd never drink a drop,
At beauty never look—
But swore to love philosophy
And connetine my book.—F. A. D.

We remember to have seen, says the New Harmony paper, not a hundred miles from the city distinguished by "the learned Portuguese," as the Athens of America, a sign, over a nail factory, in these words:

"NALES MAID HEAR."

The following notice, therefore, "not being the worst, may stand in some rank of praise." It was put up at a store door in this town, a few days since, and is copied to the word and letter, with the exception of the signature. Let us have schools! Let us have schools!

NOTES.

i for BeD eney person traden
With mi Woman She has not
sence enuf to traD for hir Self
nor no Budey els
j will not Stand GooD for none
of her contrak
from this Date October the 24 1830

AN INDIGNITY.

A medical man, who had just returned from setting the broken leg of an Arab, gave the following anecdote:—"The patient," said the doctor, "complained more of the accident which had befallen him, than I thought becoming one of his tribe. This I remarked to him, and his answer was truly amusing. 'Do not think, doctor, I should have uttered one word of complaint, if my own high-bred colt, in a playful kick, had broke both my legs; but, to have a bone broken by a brute of a jackass is too bad, and I will complain.'"—*Sketches of Persia.*

NARROW ESCAPE.—TWO PATIENTS.

The late Dr. Fordyce, whom Mr. Abernethy and some others, in our time, seem to have taken for their model, was a clever physician, but an eccentric character, and the first (to our knowledge) who endeavoured to distinguish himself from his brethren of the faculty, by a startling abrupt manner, and by superinducing, on great professional skill, (instead of extreme sleek plausibility and an imperturbable [illegible]) the squalid habits of an alehouse, and the rough address of a [illegible]. He generally sat with his friends, over his wine, till the clock struck nine, and then, saying "Gentlemen, I leave you to the bottle," retired to finish his evening more to his taste, at a tavern, where copious libations of brandy and water qualified the acidity of the claret. One night, having sat late and long, he was called away in great haste, to a lady of quality, who was taken dangerously ill. Having got to the house as well as he could, he was shown up into the bedroom, where, having sat the proper time, and felt the patient's pulse, he proceeded down stairs to write the prescription. But here the *quantum suffecit* of the brandy and water prevailed over the *quant. suff.* of the apothecary's tinctures and powders. Being quite overcome, he gave up the attempt in despair, and merely scrawled on the piece of paper before him, "D—d drunk, by G—d!" He then took his hat and went away. The next morning he called to know how his patient fared, with some misgivings as to what had happened the preceding night, and afraid of having committed some dreadful blunder; when, being ushered into the sick room, the lady began, with lisping accents, and holding her hand before her face, to hide her blushes, an apology for the situation in which she thought she had been discovered, supposing the words in the paper to apply to herself and not to her physician. "Well, doctor, I am quite ashamed to see you. I must own it was quite true, indeed, as you said; but how did you find it out?"

TIME.

"Time" said Lord Plunkett, "is the great destroyer of evidence, but he is also the great protector of titles. If he come with a scythe in one hand to mow down the muniments of our possessions, he holds an hour glass in the other, from which he incessantly metes out the portions of duration that are to render those muniments no longer necessary."

In the celebrated trial of Rowan, Curran beautifully said, "You are standing on the scanty isthmus that divides the great ocean of duration; on the one side is the past, on the other is the future; a ground, that whilst you yet hear me, is washed from beneath your feet."

Beastly Intemperance.—We were attracted, on Sunday last, by an object of intemperance on the 'Dock,' which, for beastliness, we have rarely witnessed. There he lay, on the ground, without motion or life, save a little respiration, and that sounding more like grunt or groan, than the 'gentle aspiring of the spring.' And there we left him, what a sack, to spend the night.

Who do you think this personage was? One well known in the neighbourhood, and one who had, before this 'slip,' been perfectly sober and genteel.

It was Mr. Crandall's hog, who had been in the cellar of Mr. Converse's store, and drank up *two gallons of his best wine.*—*Troy Sentinel.*

TURKISH LADIES.

The following adventure is related by Mr. Hughes, in his "Travels in Greece and Albania," published by Colburn and Bentley:—"Mr. Parker and myself were most vehemently abused, one day as we descended from the acropolis, by three Turkish ladies for daring to look at them. We certainly were attracted by nothing but their strange appearance; for they were so muffled up from head to foot in long white robes, with bandages covering the face and showing nothing but the eyes, that they looked exactly like a trio of Egyptian mummies going out to take the air. These ladies, however, are not so squeamish when out of observation, as afterwards discovered. Copying inscriptions one afternoon in the court of Lusieri whilst that worthy Don was enjoying his siesta, I heard a gentle knocking at the outer gates, which having opened I saw with surprise about twelve or fifteen Turkish ladies, covered with white mantles reaching from head to foot. Having let them in, they made me understand by signs that the object of their visit was to see a fine clock with musical chimes that Lord Elgin had presented to Athens. They followed me slowly and silently to the temporary shed in which it was placed; but had no sooner entered than they began to giggle, and presently burst into a laugh: they then threw back their long veils as if by a preconcerted scheme to surprise me by that blaze of beauty which radiated from their large black eyes. I certainly never beheld so glorious a sight. I may have seen handsomer women than any individual among them, but never did I see such a combination of beauties, such beaming eyes and silken lashes, or such dazzling complexions: they appeared like a legion of houries sent expressly from the paradise of Mahomet.—The lovely creatures seemed to enjoy my astonishment, and to triumph in the effect of charms: encompassing me in a circle they gently pushed towards me the clock that I might show them its mechanism: this I had no sooner done, than with a shout of joy they seized the wires, and rang such a peal upon the chimes, that the Italian awoke from his nap, and running to the spot in his gown and slippers, began to chide them in so severe a strain that the laughter immediately ceased, silence was restored, the veils drawn again over their faces, and in the slow and solemn step with which they entered, the whole party marched off the premises, leaving me in a state of a person just awakened out of a most extraordinary dream."

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

"Who comes there?" said a sentinel to a person coming near his post. "A friend" softly said a timid voice. "Advance and give the parole." The same soft, timid voice, said, "Love." "Love," said the sentinel, "is not the parole, and you cannot pass. It is more than my life is worth to permit you to pass." "Indeed, this is cruel indeed, not to allow a sergeant's wife to pass, to take, perhaps, her last farewell. I beseech you to let me pass ere the morning's battle takes place; let me spend this night in his company. I have travelled forty miles to see him." "*Pass, friend: all's well.*" It proved her last farewell.

Cat.—Why is a Norfolk dumpling like the overture to *La Dame Blanche?* Because it is a composition of *Boildieu.* (Boil'd dough.)

A COQUETTE.

Do you see in that drawing-room a little woman with dark brown hair, an arch and lively eye, with a smile which Venus herself might envy? Her dress of white crape is falling off her shoulders, and her wreath of roses across her forehead, appears as if chance alone had placed it there? She is encircled by homage and flattery; she draws all mankind towards her, and every thing around her seems replete with charms; she has sense enough to render every one pleased with himself. If an old officer draws near, she discourses on valour, and boasts of the glory of Bridgewater and New Orleans, as she passes over her forehead her rosy fingers. Does a young student appear to listen to her, who has made himself conspicuous by his oratory, she extols, above every other gift, that of eloquence, and eulogizes the talents displayed at the bar, as she carelessly advances forward a little foot, modelled by the graces. A young man, something of a philosopher, has just repeated some cold maxim, and she directly speaks in admiration of the wisdom of Solon, while she discovers a smile which would have inspired the lyre of Anacreon. Never, in a word, was a coquet so perfect in the part she is playing; never did a woman unite together more powers of seduction, with more desire of pleasing; fascination in her smile, gaiety in her looks; she appears to possess all that can animate, charm, and, perhaps deceive—yet she does not deceive any one, for she sports with her attractions, as a child plays with the toys or flowers: it is by the same arms that she draws towards her, and repels every attack of gallantry, and, under this three-fold rampart of coquetry, her heart, in appearance trifling and cold, conceals the sigh which it breathes for one alone, while her lips bestow smiles on a thousand others.

But do not let us follow that coquette with the blue eyes; when retired to the solitude of her chamber, she takes her wreathe from her hair, and unties her sash. Perhaps, then, a tear dims the lustre of her eyes, heretofore so brilliant. Perhaps, a bitter smile passes over those lips, that appeared, a short time ago, so bewitching? Here she is about to take up again all the wretchedness of her heart; but here we ought to finish the picture; it belongs not to the pen of a friend to unveil the heart of another. We ought only to study the science of knowing how our coquetry may be reckoned a virtue, and using ourselves a certain degree of dissimulation in society, so as to conceal the weakness of our hearts, and letting one to know the empire he may have over them, which would be much more dangerous than that he might obtain over our imagination.

RIDING FOR DYSPEPSIA.

As we said whilom that riding a hard-trotting horse was "the sovereign'st thing i' the world," for the Hyp, so we now take the liberty to declare that riding a gently-trotting horse is the best thing in the world for Dyspepsia. This may sound like a bold assertion, in the very face and eyes of Mr. Halsted's book; but we repeat it, and if any dyspeptical reader of ours has any doubt on the subject, we advise him to make trial of the remedy.

It is not mere tossing up the stomach which is required; the whole system must be stirred along with it. The body must be invigorated, the flagging spirits must be roused. The stomach is merely, as it were, a sort of vice president of the system, and can do but little without the aid of all the parts. If the body in general be vigorous, there is little danger of the stomach being weak. The whole must suffer, or enjoy together. When the body is strong and active, the stomach is lively and vigorous—ready to do its work, and prepared to digest every thing that the palate delights in, even though it be board nails, boiled cabbage, toasted cheese, hard eggs, or heavy bread.

Exercise in general tends to invigorate the body, and by that means to improve the stomach. But of all kinds of exercise, none is so efficacious as riding on horseback. It stirs the system most judiciously; it excites the bodily action without inducing any injurious fatigue. But wherefore use many words?

Make trial of the remedy, dyspeptics, whoever you are—we mean such as are in want of something more active than your ordinary exercise. Ride a few miles to-day, and see what effect it will produce. Ride again to-morrow in the same way; repeat it the next day; and, in short, keep riding. There is pleasure as well as profit in it. But to have your stomach whipped and cuffed because it is feeble and cannot execute its task, is unkind, is unjust. As well might you chastise a poor sickly boy, because he cannot perform the labour of a stout and healthy one.

Get you a gentle spirited horse—borrow or buy—one that will trot easy, rack fairly, or canter judiciously. A thorough-going racker will stir you up most completely. But either kind will answer. Ride every day before dinner; ride ten or a dozen miles at a heat. Follow it up; and, depend upon it, you will dine agreeably, sleep comfortably, wake in the morning in better condition and spirits than you have been accustomed to do; and conclude, after all, that this world is not nearly as bad as it might be.—*N. Y. Constellation.*

THE PHILOSOPHICAL APPLE WOMAN.

It is nonsense to talk of "the learned" as being the only wise part of mankind. There is many an unlettered fellow who can turn his wits to better account than a professor, while there are not a few of the erudite who have hardly wisdom enough to go in when it rains; not that we are altogether of honest Dogberry's opinion, 'to write and read comes by nature;' but the truth is, a man may have a shrewd noddle who never figured among the knowing ones.

I was led into these reflections by contemplating, the other day, the philosophical demeanor of an ancient apple woman on Long Wharf. This relic of the olden days has kept her station there with her vendibles of fruit and gingerbread, time out of mind, and save diurnal locomotions at morning and evening, she is as much a 'part and parcel' of the Boston Pier as one of the posts. She has an absolute immunity from all the vexations, rubs and crosses which are a part of the municipal economy. Constables do not venture to be saucy to her; Aldermen make their manners before her; truckmen dare not justle her; hand-cartmen are mannerly, and auctioneers dumb in her presence.

She was talking with one of our principal merchants, who [illegible] ple and grumbling of hard times.

'Terrible times, Mrs. ——, terrible times; people are failing; no money, don't know what we are all coming to.'

'Terrible times, indeed, Mr. Snatchcopper. Is that your ship yonder?'

'Yes, but she has cost me a monstrous sum. I have mortgaged all my real estate, and hired money to build her.'

'That's an excellent plan, Mr. Snatchcopper. Every man would not have shown so much prudence.'

'Yes, yes, I am obliged to pay an enormous interest for the money; but then I expect the voyage will bring me in at least fifty per cent.'

'Really, Sir, that is a magnificent prospect; and when you have pocketed all this profit, what will you do with the money?'

'I mean to speculate in real estate, and build a lot of houses which shall clear me twenty-five per cent. upon the capital.'

'And when you have got the money—as of course you will, making such nice calculations—what next?'

'Then I will put it into manufacturing stock and make twenty-five per cent more.'

'And then'——

'And then I will invest it in the rail road stock which will be just about ready to be taken up. I shall clear thirty per cent. more by it.' 'And then'——

'And then I will commence underwriter, and in a short time double the whole.'

'And then, Mr. Snatchcopper, after you have made fifty per cent. by the voyage, and twenty-five per cent. by the real estate speculation, twenty-five per cent by the manufactures, thirty per cent. by the rail road, and double the whole by underwriting, what will you do with the grand total?'

'Put it into the funds and live on the interest.'

'How much are you worth now, sir?'

'They tax me for fifty-thousand dollars.'

'All of which you are risking upon this chance?'

'Yes, I really think it a great plan.'

'So do I, Mr. Snatchcopper; but how did you contrive to raise the money so quick for this undertaking?'

'Oh! only by endorsing for a few of my friends, all safe enough.'

He had hardly said this, when some one came running up—Oh! Mr. Snatchcopper, have you heard the news? Three failures! P——, and Q——, and X——, all gone to the devil.

'Mercy on me,' exclaimed Mr. Snatchcopper, 'then I am ruined; I have endorsed for them all.' So saying, he was off like a flash of lightning.

'There?' and the philosophical apple-woman, 'that is the way it has gone these fifty years! Empires are overturned, and fortunes go to ruin, but my table keeps on its legs. I *spin no projects!*'

THIN SHOES.

Caligula once wished that the Romans had but one head, that he might strike it off at a blow. Had I the power of the Roman Emperor, I would exert it in a way more beneficial to mankind, or rather womankind. I would forbid under a heavy penalty any female appearing out of doors in thin shoes. Such is the influence of fashion, that for the sake of having, or appearing to have, a small foot, a lady will promenade the streets when the side walks are covered with ice, snow and water, and her own feet barely covered with shoes thinner than paper. No wonder that consumption is the lot, the untimely lot of so many of the young, the beautiful and accomplished of the American fair—no wonder that clad so lightly they are unable to withstand the inclemencies of a climate, against which the stoutest constitutions are not proof. Nature clothes the brute creation in garments suited to the season, but art dresses our ladies on a system diametrically opposite. Surely if the latter could examine the halls of mortality, and see how many of their number are the victims of fashion, they would be startled, if not admonished by the fact.

Every man should mind his own business; for he that meddles himself with other peoples good or ill fortune, will never be at rest.

Youth.—Here—while I roved, a heedless boy,
Here, while through paths of peace I ran,
My feet were vex'd with puny snares,
My bosom stung with insect-cares
But ah! what light and little things
Are childhood's woes!—they break no rest,
Like dew-drops on the sky lark's wings,
While slumbering in his grassy nest,
Gone in a moment, when he springs
To meet the morn with open breast,
As o'er the eastern hills her banners glow,
And veil'd in mist the valley sleeps below.
Montgomery's World before the Flood.

Self-Importance.—Every man is of importance to himself, and therefore, in his own opinion, to others; and, supposing the world already acquainted with all his pleasures and his pains, is, perhaps, the first to publish injuries or misfortunes, which had never been known unless related by himself, and at which those that hear him will only laugh; for no man sympathises with the sorrows of vanity.

Why Cream collects on the surface of Milk. When a vessel of milk is allowed to remain a certain time at rest, it is observed that a stratum of fluid will collect at the surface, differing in many qualities from that upon which it rests. This is called *cream;* and the property by which it ascends to the surface is its relative levity; it is composed of the lightest particles of the milk, which are in the first instance mixed generally in the fluid; but which, when the liquid is allowed to rest, gradually arises through it, and settle at the surface.—*Cabinet Cyclopædia.*

What may be done by industrious habits.—Mr. Wesley, the venerable founder of the Methodist denomination, is universally allowed to have been an extraordinary and highly distinguished character. Whatever may be thought of his peculiar sentiments, no one can deny him the credit of truly apostolic zeal and benevolence in what he conceived to be the way of duty. For upwards of fifty years, he travelled eight thousand miles each year on an average, visiting his numerous societies, and presided at forty-seven annual conferences. For more than sixty years, it was his constant practice to rise at four o'clock in the morning, and nearly the whole of that period, to preach at five. He generally preached near twenty times a week, and frequently four times a day. Notwithstanding this, very few have written more voluminously than he; divinity both controversial and practical; history, philosophy, medicine, politics, &c. were all, at different times, the subjects on which his pen was employed. Besides this, he found time for reading, corresponding, visiting the sick, and arranging the matters of his numerous society; but such prodigies of labor and exertion would have been impossible, had it not been for his inflexible temperance and unexampled economy of time. Yet to suppose that he had no failing, or was free from faults, would be absurd; but after viewing his sufferings, and the extent of his success, with an unprejudiced mind, it is impossible to deny him the character of a singularly great and worthy man.

In 1791 he finished his earthly career, in the 88th year of his age. In the course of which time he preached near forty thousand sermons, and travelled about four hundred thousand miles.

LAST REMEMBRANCE.

I never more shall see thee,
Except as now I see
In musings of the midnight hour,
While fancy revels free!
I'll never hear thy welcoming
Nor clasp thy thrilling hand,
Nor view thy home, if e'er again
I hail our common land.

I have thee full before me,
Thy mild, but mournful eye,
And brow as fair, as the cold moon
That bears thy secret sigh,
There are roses in thy window
As when I last was there;
But where hath fled the matchless one
Thy young cheek used to wear!

Though parted, maid—long parted,
And not to meet again—
One star hath ruled the fate of both,
And seared our hearts with pain;
And though before the altar,
I may not call thee bride,
Accept a token of the bond
By which we were allied.

I've found for thee an emblem
Of what hath fallen on me,
A leafless bough that lately crowned
A lightning stricken tree,
Torn from the pleasant stem it loved
The severing scar alone,
Remains to show that ere it grew
Where it for years had grown.

For pledges of affection
I'll give thee faded flowers,
And thou shalt send me wither'd leaves
From Autumn's naked bowers:
The tears of untold bitterness,
I'll drink instead of wine,
Carousing to thy broken peace—
Do thou as much for mine.

Whene'er a passing funeral
Presents its dark array,
For thee, my maiden desolate
I will not fail to pray.
Beneath the quiet coffin lid
'Twere better far to sleep,
Than live to nurse the scorpion Care
Within thy bosom deep.

The midnight wind is grieving—
Its melancholy swell
Doth make it meet to bear to thee
Thy lover's last farewell;
Farewell, pale child of hopelessness,
'Tis something still to know,
That he who cannot claim thy heart
Partakes of all its woe.

Old Newspapers.—Many people take newspapers, but few preserve them: yet the most interesting reading imaginable is a file of old newspapers. It brings up the very age, with all its bustle and every day affairs, and marks its genius and its spirit more than the most laboured description of the historian. Who can take a paper dated half a century ago, without the thought, that almost every name there printed is now cut upon a tomb-stone, at the head of an epitaph. The doctor (quack or regular) that there advertises his medicine and their cures, has followed the sable train of his patients; the merchant who could insure his ships could get no insurance on his life; and the actor who could make others laugh and weep, can now only furnish a skull for his successor in Hamlet.

It is easy to preserve newspapers, and they will repay the trouble: for like that of wine, their value increases with their years; and old files have been sold at prices too startling to mention.

A CUNNING COBBLER.

A knight of the awl had promised three customers a pair of boots by a certain time—he had just stock and time enough to make one pair. When the time arrived, one came in and was told his boots were almost ready, he might try one. "O" says he, "this is three sizes too large." How unlucky—it was the best skin in my whole lot; however, I will make another pair for you next week." He had but just got out, when in came a second, depending upon his boots to go a courting next night. "I am just treeing your last boot. I worked nearly all night to be sure and must not disappoint you—here, try that one on." "This boot! it 'aint big enough;—I swan, I can't get it a' near my foot,—how disappointed I am. I promised to carry Jane down to uncle Joe's to-morrow, and now I ha'nt a boot to my foot." Well, you are not more disappointed than I am—I am desperate sorry they do not fit. I don't see how I made such a mistake. Jonathan went off rather grouty, and in came the third, an animal called a Dandy—"Well, sir, I trust my boots are ready at the appointed time." "Certainly, sir." —He handed them. The dandy stood aghast: "I protest sir, I hope you do not intend to insult me! these boots for me, sir? why they are big enough for the foot of a clown—I could really, sir, introduce both my feet into one: you need not trouble yourself further, sir,—I shall buy me a pair at the fashionable boot and shoe-store." As soon as he was off, Crispin very deliberately kicked off his old shoes, and says, "who knows but they suit me, after all?" He pulled one on—it fitted as slick as a glove.

Burns was a man of brilliant wit, and it was always ready on every emergency—This has been proved by the numerous authenticated anecdotes told of this great poet. One of the happiest is the Grace or Blessing, before a dinner to which he was invited, (when the parson was absent) and was suddenly called upon to officiate. It is as follows:—

Some hae meat an' canna eat,
An' some hae nane wha want it;
But we hae meat an' we can eat,
And sae, the Lord be thankit.

SHOOTING THE DEVIL.

The Reverend Mr. Brodie, in a Kirk in Edinburgh, took his text from these words, "*Resist the devil and he will flee from you;*" and began in this manner. My beloved, ye are all here to-day, but wot ye wha is among ye, even the mickle horn'd de'el. Ye can'na see him. But by the eye of faith I can see him. But some of you will say wat shall we do with him now he is here?—How shall we destroy him? We will hang him. Alas! my beloved, there are not so many ropes in the parish as will hang him; he's as light as a feather. Then some of you will say, we will drown him. Ah! my beloved, there is too much cork about him; he will not sink. Others of you will say we will burn him; na, na, sirs, you may scald yoursals but ye canna burn him; for all the fire of hell could never yet singe one hair on his tail. Now, sirs, you canna find a way among ye all to kill him, but I'll find it. What will this be, sirs? We shall even shoot him. But wherewith will ye shoot him, will be the next question? We shall shoot him with the bible. Now, sirs, I shall shoot him presently. So presenting the bible as a soldier does his musket, he cries out, toot, toot, toot; now he's shot, there (pointing down) lies the old thief as dead as a herring.

An Indian, who was overtaken by a tremendous storm, some distance from the land, in his canoe, thus invoked the great spirit: "O! Goody Gody, jis let poor Injun get on shore agin and he never ax no more favors."

THE OFFICER, HIS WIFE, AND THE BAGGAGE ASS.

This interesting anecdote is taken from "A Visit to Flanders," and will give some idea of scenes that were passing during the memorable battle of Waterloo: "I had the good fortune," says the writer, "to travel from Brussels to Paris with a young Irish officer and his wife, an Antwerp lady of only sixteen, of great beauty and matchless innocence and naivete. The husband was in the battle of Quartre Bras as well as of Waterloo, and to him I owe much of my minutest and most interesting information. He was living in the cantonments at Nivelles, with his wife with him. The unexpected advance of the French called him off at a moment's notice to Quartre Bras; but he left his wife, his servant, one horse, and the family baggage, which was packed upon a large ass. Retreat at the time was not anticipated; but being suddenly ordered on the Saturday morning, he contrived to get a message to his wife to make the best of her way, attended by the servant and the baggage, to Brussels. The servant, a foreigner, had availed himself of the opportunity to take leave of both master and mistress, and make off with the horse, leaving the helpless lady alone with the baggage ass. With the firmness becoming the wife of a British officer, she boldly commenced on foot her retreat of twenty-five miles, leading the ass by the bridle, and carefully preserving the baggage: no violence was dared by any one to so innocent a pilgrim, but no one could venture to assist her. She was soon in the midst of the retreating British army, and much retarded and endangered by the artillery; her fatigue was great; it rained in water spouts, and the thunder and lightning were dreadful in the extreme. She continued to advance, and got up on the great road from Charleroi to Brussels at Waterloo, when the army on the Saturday evening were taking up their line for the awful conflict. In so extensive a field, among 80,000 men, it was in vain to seek her husband; she knew that the sight of her there would only embarrass and distress him; she kept slowly advancing to Brussels all the Saturday night; the road choaked with all sorts of conveyances, waggons, and horses; multitudes of the native fugitives on the road flying into the great wood; and many of the wounded walking their painful way, dropping every step, and breathing their last; every few steps lay a corpse or a limb; particularly, she said, several hands. Many persons were actually killed by others, if by chance they stood in the way of their endeavours to help themselves. And to add to the horrors, the rain continued, and the thunder and lightning still raged, as if the heavens were torn to pieces. Full twelve miles further, in the night, this young woman marched up to her knees in mud, her boots worn entirely off, so that she was barefooted; but still unhurt, she led her ass; and although thousands lost their baggage, and many their lives, she calmly entered Brussels in the morning in safety, self, ass, bag, and baggage, without the loss of an article. In a few hours after their arrival, commenced the cannon's roar of the tremendous Sunday, exposed to which, for ten hours, she knew her husband to be; and after a day and night in agony, she was rewarded by finding herself in her husband's arms, he unhurt, and she nothing the worse, on the Monday. The officer told the tale himself with tears in his eyes. With a slight Irish accent, he called her his '*dare* little woman,' and said she became more valuable to him every day of his life. I never saw a more elegant, gentlemanlike, young man; and assuredly his pretty Belgian seemed almost to adore him. It gave additional value to the anecdote, that I had it from the actors in the scene described. When I remarked that it was quite in the spirit of Elizabeth of Siberia, the lady exclaimed, '*Ah me mere m'a dit la meme chose!*' "My mother made the same remark."

LORD BYRON.

During the earlier part of his youth, his then very limited revenues were soon exhausted by his extravagant expense in London, and especially by his frequenting the gaming houses.—He had borrowed so much from the usurers, that none were found to be humane enough to advance him any further sum, at whatever interest he offered. One morning after a sleepless night, spent at one of those establishments in which he had lost all his money, he heard a coach stop before his lodgings, and soon after a young lady of rank, who had given him a proof of the most ardent attachment entered his room. She held a small basket in her hand, and, depositing it on the table told him that, hearing of the pecuniary misfortunes he had met with, and fearing he might find himself in embarrassed circumstances, she [illegible] him to take them as proofs of her affection. "Go, and take back with you," said Lord B. sternly, "your trinkets and money." I am not a man to be imposed upon by cant, and you know full well that you would never have brought such things to me, had you supposed me vile enough to accept them." Mention once being made before him of the frequent errors of judgment into which a person may be led by the appearances of physiognomy, he observed, "you are young men, and may therefore derive benefit from this precept of mine: never give your entire faith to one whose eyes are grey." On its being remarked to him that his own were of that very color, he added, "Do not think I consider myself an exception to this, I might say universal rule, it would have been well for many, who have had to deal with me, had they been guided by it."

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

I was tossing myself with an awkward conjecture,
If I should be ever with Hymen enroll'd;
And truth had just read me a *terrible lecture,*
By whispering "George, you're entirely *too old.*"
Thank fortune, says I, with a smile on each feature,
I'll still from the shackles of marriage be free:
I turned, and saw, what?—why a lovely young creature;
I could swear, by my wig, *she was looking at me;*
With eyes like a sloe, and with form so enchanting,
She seem'd sent to cheer me in moments of need;
She smil'd on me so, I thought nothing was wanting,
To make the sweet stranger an *angel* indeed;
She left me, but with her my happiness taking,
I strove to forget her but found it in vain;
Her image still haunted me sleeping or waking;
I long'd to behold her, and sought her again—
I found her, more beauteous, more gentle than ever,
And vowed to *obtain* the dear creature or die;
She turn'd, (oh! that moment forget can I never,)
And in charming confusion again met my eye.
Addressing her, "friend" with a tone so endearing,
My poor heart in transport was melting away:
She exclaim'd only see how that fellow is staring—
'Tis the very old codger I met t'other day.

THE CASKET FOR JUNE.

NOW ready for delivery, the June number of the "*Casket, or Flowers of Literature, Wit and Sentiment,*" embellished with an extra number of Engravings and Wood Cuts, viz:

Abbottsford, the Seat of Sir Walter Scott.
Two Engravings of Fancy Embroidery—a corner pattern and side pattern.
King's Palace, Pimlico, England.
The Piazza di San Marco, Venice.
Engraving of an ancient Coin of the U. S.
School of Flora—Pyrola Maculata, or White Pipsisseway,
And two pieces of Music—The Brigand's Love Song, original; and the celebrated Marsellois Hymn.

CONTENTS.

Description of Abbotsford, the Seat of Sir Walter Scott, with an Engraving—*original.*
The Wheel of Fortune, by Milford Bard—*original.*
Prize Tale—The Reclaimed, by Henry C. Murphy—*original.*
The Old Ferryman's Tale—*original.*
Improvements in Watch making.
The Honest Carpenter.
Embroidery, with two Engravings, viz. corner pattern and side pattern.
A Chapter of the Life of Plato—*original.*
The Gamester—*original.*
A Dream.
Tragedy.
King's Palace, Pimlico, England, with an Engraving.
The Piazza di San Marco, Venice, with an Engraving.
Ruin, or the Lottery—*original.*
A Sketch, by G. E. O.—*original.*
Resignation in Death.
Ancient Coinage of the U. States, with an Engraving.
The Two Dolls, by Mary Russell Mitford.
The Roast Turkey.
Anecdote of Sparrows.
The Power of Eloquence—*original.*
A Strain of the Days of Old—*original.*
The Orientalist.
The Pleasures of Solitude—*original.*
The Bride, by Theodore Hook.
History of a Diamond.
School of Flora—Pyrola Maculata, or White Pipsisseway, with an Embellishment.
Poles.
Wit and Sentiment.

POETRY.

Margaret Skewall—*original.*
Horace in Philadelphia, Ode XVI.
Lady's Fair.
To Lucinda, by Milford Bard—*original.*
To Clara, do. do.
The Magdalen—*original.*
To Laura. do.
Horace in Philadelphia, Ode XV.
Horace in Philadelphia, Ode XVIII.
Epithalamium, by Milford Bard.
The Brigand's Love Song, set to Music for the Casket, by B. B Hooter.
The celebrated Marsellois Hymn, set to Music.

☞ The terms of this popular publication are $2 50 per annum, payable in advance, or $3 if not paid within the current year. Twelve numbers make a volume, containing about 600 closely printed pages; to this a title page and index are added at the end of the year. Considering the quality of the engravings, and the large amount of reading matter in the Casket, it is, perhaps, the cheapest publication of the kind in the United States.

A few copies of the Casket for 1828, 1829, and 1830, containing an extensive variety of splendid engravings, remain on hand, which may be obtained on application at this office.

Those who wish to subscribe for the present volume, will please forward their orders as soon as possible, as we have printed but a small number of copies over those actually subscribed for. Small notes of solvent banks will be received at par value.

Address (*post paid*) SAMUEL C. ATKINSON,
No. 12 Hudson's Alley, a few doors South of 112 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

SEA BATHING.

THE large and convenient Boarding House, opposite Manahawkin, called by the name of the Mansion of Health, in the county of Monmouth, N. J. will be opened from the 20th day of June, for the reception of visiters.

The advantages for bathing, shooting, sailing, fishing, &c. are unrivalled by any other situation on the coast. The subscribers have spared neither time nor expense in furnishing the bar with choice wines, and other liquors, of a superior quality. In short no expense or exertion will be spared on their part, to render general satisfaction to visiters. For further particulars, enquire of Charles Champion, Arch St. Ferry, or of Edwin M. Budd, Mount Holly.

Price of Board per week $5.00. BUSBY & WOOLMAN.

N. B. The house will be opened through the gunning season.

The regular Stage will commence running from the time the house is opened until the close of the season, leaving Burlington every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday morning, immediately after the arrival of the six o'clock boat from Philadelphia, passing Mount Holly, Vincentown, the Goose Ponds, and Manahawkin; with four changes of horses. Arrives in the same evening at the Sea Shore; and returns, on the days following, to meet the afternoon Steam Boats for Philadelphia. Stage Fare through, $2. EDWIN M. BUDD, Proprietor.

The Mount Holly and Burlington Stage has commenced running, as heretofore, regularly twice every day, to meet the Steam Boats to Philadelphia and New York. E. M. BUDD.
june 18—6t*

Female Education.

REDUCED PRICES.

THE attention of the public is respectfully invited to an Establishment where are taught the Latin and Modern Languages, Music, practically and scientifically, on different instruments, Drawing, Painting, and Perspective, Dancing; all the useful and higher branches of an English Education, with the various needle and ornamental works. The number of pupils limited and select. The situation eminently healthy, uniting advantages not exceeded by any establishment in the state.

Board and Education *half* the usual charges.

This establishment is particularly suited for Young Ladies wishing a finished Education, or intended as Teachers. The Conductors have had great experience and can furnish unexceptionable references.

Further particulars may be learned by writing, post-paid, to A. B. care of the Editor. june 11—3t*

Brandywine Chalybeate Springs.

THE STEAM BOAT WILMINGTON, Captain R. READ, leaves Arch Street Wharf every day at two o'clock, P. M. for Wilmington. Carriages with excellent horses and careful drivers are provided immediately upon her arrival to convey passengers to this justly celebrated establishment.

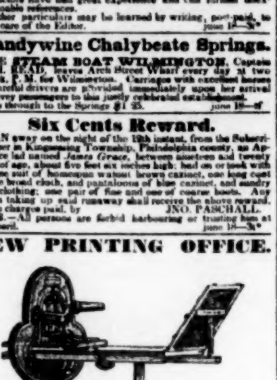
Fare through to the Springs $1 25. june 18—tf

Six Cents Reward.

RAN away on the night of the 12th instant, from the Subscriber in Kingsessing Township, Philadelphia county, an Apprentice lad named *James Grace,* between nineteen and twenty years of age, about five feet six inches high; had on or took with him one suit of homespun walnut brown cazinet, one long coat of blue broad cloth, and pantaloons of blue cazinet, and sundry other clothing; one pair of fine and one of coarse boots. Any person taking up said runaway shall receive the above reward, but no charges paid, by JNO. PASCHALL.

N. B.—All persons are forbid harbouring or trusting him at their peril. june 18—3t*

NEW PRINTING OFFICE.



BOOK AND ORNAMENTAL JOB PRINTING,

Of every description, neatly and expeditiously executed, either in

Black, Red, Blue, or Orange coloured Inks,

ON THE MOST REASONABLE TERMS,

At No. 12, HUDSON'S ALLEY,

A few doors South of Chesnut street.

Millwrights Wanted.

THREE or Four Journeymen, to whom liberal wages and constant employment will be given. Apply to the subscriber, at the second gate on the Lancaster Turnpike, near the five mile stone, or at the steam mill, corner of Callowhill and Tenth streets, Philadelphia.

N. B. None need apply but steady, industrious men.
june 11—4t* EDWARD HESTON.

Patent Boots and Shoes.

ORE'S Patent Seamless Boots and Shoes for Ladies and Gentlemen. The Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has received Letters Patent for inventing seamless Shoes and Boots in one piece, and is now prepared to receive orders from those who may favour him with their custom. He warrants them to be more durable, set neater and easier than the ordinary kind, having no seams to break, or give pain. Specimens may be seen at the store.

Rights sold very low. CALEB A. ORE, Patentee.
june 11—1y No. 40 South Eighth street.

Premium for Gold, &c.

SOVEREIGNS,	German Crowns,
Guineas,	French Crowns,
Napoleons,	Half Crowns,
Louidors,	Five Francs,
Portuguese Gold,	Head Patacoons,
German Gold,	Old do.
Light English Gold,	English Silver, &c.

Purchased at the highest price, by
SYLVANUS LEHMAN, Stock & Exchange Broker,
june 11—tf No. 41 South Third Street.

To Shoemakers.

THE subscriber [illegible] No. 433 North Second street, [illegible] he offers for sale Shoe Findings of the first quality.

Also, a general assortment of Leather, at the lowest prices.
june 11—3m E. ELDRIDGE.

Tannery for sale.

IN the Borough of Shippensburg, Cumberland county, Pa. in a good neighbourhood for Bark, Hides, and retailing of Leather. The Tannery is in complete order, with good and sufficient buildings, containing 30 vats, 3 letches, 2 limes, &c. with grinding machinery, and supplied with water by two never failing and never freezing springs in the yard, conveyed by pipes to all places required.

Should the property not be sold before Thursday, the 1st day of September next, it will on that day be offered at public sale. For further particulars, apply to the subscriber, on the premises.
june 11—13t JAMES HARSON.

George Adam Snyder,

MERCHANT TAILOR, late partner in the house of Kern & Snyder, and G. Kern Jr. & Co. takes leave to inform his friends and the public, and all the patrons of the late firms, that he has opened a new store, in the Mansion House, south-east corner of Second and Pine streets, which has recently been fitted up, and divided into three neat and fashionable stores, the second and third of which he occupies himself, where he continues the business in full, in connexion with William Hutton, an experienced mechanic in the trade, under the firm of SNYDER & HUTTON, Merchant Tailors, to be known by the Mansion House Clothing Store.

The new firm take this opportunity of requesting their friends and customers to give them a call, as it is their determination to keep a first rate assortment of every article in their line, and sell at reasonable prices. Renewed attention will be paid to the accommodation of all the patrons to the establishment.

A general assortment of superior ready made clothing will always be kept on hand.
june 11—2m SNYDER & HUTTON.

FIRE ENGINE.

FOR SALE, a second-hand Fire Engine, 7 1-2 inches chamber, in good order, will be sold cheap, and warranted to perform well. Apply to J. BATES,
june 11—6t* 151 North Second street.

Ribbons, &c.

C. McKARAHER keeps constantly on hand, at his Ribbon, Silk and Fancy Store, No. 27 North Second street, opposite Christ Church, a large assortment of Ribbons, of various kinds, silks, florences, satins, gros de naps, Italian crapes, rich crape, silk, thibet, and gauze shawls, gauze scarfs and veils, in great variety, fine hookin gloves and mitts, fine Cologne, Lavender and Florida Waters, with a variety of fancy articles, which he will sell at low prices, wholesale and retail.

N. B. Just received, a few cases of fans, such as fine painted ivory stick paper, rice, feather, screen and palm leaf fans.

1 case imitation silk hats.

Fine India Travelling Baskets, New England and India Window Blinds. june 11—tf

Rail Road Grove,

ARCH Street, west side of Schuylkill Eighth. The Circular Rail Road having been just finished, the steam carriage made by Mr. Shields, of Cincinnati, will commence running this day, and will run regularly every fair day, from 7 o'clock, A. M. till 10 P. M.

Admission 6 cents, and 6 cents for two trips around the circle, making the distance of 1850 feet to each ride.

Music is engaged for this evening.

Children not admitted without their parents. june 18—3t

The Museum

Of Foreign Literature, Science and Art,

No. 108, for June, 1831, is Just Published.

CONTENTS. Plate—Portrait of Francis the First. Memoir of Francis the First. Memoirs of Oberlin, from the Quarterly Review. Beauty, from the Monthly Review. The Book of the Seasons, from the Athenæum. Song, from Blackwood's Magazine. On the Early History of Egypt, from the Imperial Magazine. The Aborigines of Australia, from the Asiatic Journal. Military Memoir of Marmont, Duke of Ragusa, from the United Service Journal. Vassalage in Germany, from the Englishman's Magazine. Secret Police, from the same. Aldine Poets—Earl of Surry, from the Athenæum. Animal Kingdom, from the Monthly Review. The Lost Bride, from the Athenæum. Waterloo, from the United Service Journal. History of the Hanseatic League, from the Foreign Quarterly Review. To Mrs. Hemans, from Blackwood's Magazine. The Fate of the Duke de Biron, from the same. Beechey's Voyage to the Pacific and Behring's Strait, from the Edinburgh Review. The Sailor's Song, from the United Service Journal. Skirmish in the Balkan, from the same. To my Child, from Blackwood's Magazine. Cooper, the Novelist, from the New Monthly Magazine. Confessions of a Coward, from the Monthly Magazine. Architecture of Birds, from the Examiner. Juvenile Literature, from the Athenæum. Aphorisms on Man, from the Monthly Magazine. Learning and Love, from the same. Index.

Published monthly at $6 per annum, in advance, by E. LITTELL,
N. W. corner of Chesnut and Seventh sts. Philadelphia.

Christ Rejected.

"He is despised and rejected of men."

THIS Magnificent Picture, by the late Benjamin West, Esq. is now open for exhibition in the Saloon at the Masonic Hall, from 8 in the morning until 1, and from 7 in the evening until 10.

This is the largest piece ever painted by this eminent artist, and has been unequivocally pronounced by the best judges as the *chef d'œuvre* of his pencil.

It has excited unrivalled interest and admiration in Europe, and in this country. In London ten thousand guineas were offered for it; and the receipts of a brief season on its exhibition, amounted to twelve thousand pounds sterling. In a few cities only in this country, it has been visited in little more than a year, by upwards of one hundred thousand persons!

The present is the last opportunity which the citizens of Philadelphia will have of seeing this wonderful production, as it is intended to take it back to Europe in the autumn.

Admittance 25 cents—Children half price.

A Pamphlet, explanatory of the subject, may be had at the Exhibition Room—Price 12½ cents. june 18—tf

Spring Goods.

J. FAUSSET, No. 25 South Second street, has opened a handsome assortment of Spring Goods, selected from late importations, which he offers for sale at the lowest market prices; among which are, drab detes, or summer cloths, a superior article for gentlemen's wear, and ladies riding habits. Persian and mandarin lawns, Orleans do., French painted muslins and ginghams, thibet and crepe de Chine shawls and hdkfs. in great variety, rich blond gauze and green barege veils, French and English bombazeens, superfine gauze flannel, and a great variety of silk goods, &c. april 16—tf

Boots and Shoes.

F. & C. PLUMMER & Co. inform City and Country Dealers, that they have an extensive assortment of Men's, Women's and Children's coarse and fine Boots and Shoes for sale, at their manufactory, No. 49 Market street, (up stairs.) Orders thankfully received and promptly filled, by
april 9—6m F. & C. PLUMMER & Co.

Intelligence Office.

THE numerous applications for persons, Cooks, Chambermaids, and for general work in small families induces the subscriber to advertise that all such persons who can give satisfactory reference of character, can obtain situations by applying at No. 74 Locust street, third door above the Musical Fund Hall.
june 4—tf SARAH CLAYTON.

Northern Liberty Brush Manufactory.

NO. 306 North Second street, opposite William Mettler's Hotel, Philadelphia. The Subscriber manufactures all kinds of Machinery Brushes at the most reduced prices. He returns his grateful acknowledgments for past favours; and he hopes his moderate prices, the quality of the articles and strict attention to all orders, will ensure him a continuance of the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed by the public.
july 3—1y THOMAS E. BAIRD.

Money Advanced on Deposits

OF Gold and Silver Watches, Silver Plate, Jewellery, Musical Instruments, Beds, Bedding, Furniture, Wearing Apparel, &c. &c. to any amount and on the most liberal terms, by E. BROOKER.

Widow of the late Benj. Brooker, Pawn Broker, South East corner of Fifth and South streets.

N.B. Thankful for past favours, E. B. hopes for a further continuance of them. may 14—3m

Fashionable Establishment

OF Ladies, Misses and Children's Shoes. MARTIN RICE, No. 85 North Third street, opposite Cherry street, intends to keep supplied with a general assortment of the above articles.—His stock particularly of children's shoes, exceeds any thing offered in this city.

M. R. respectfully invites the attention of the Ladies to his Establishment, confident that his terms and the quality of his goods, will meet their approbation. april 9—3m

Dr. A. G. Hull's Patent Hinge Truss.

FOR the *Relief and Cure of Hernia or Rupture.*—Dr. A. G. HULL respectfully informs those labouring under this complaint, that his highly approved Truss, adapted to the different species of the disease which adults and children are subject, may be obtained at the Office, No. 23 North Eighth street, where professional attention will be given to the treatment of the complaint in all its varieties. oct. 23—1y

Morocco Manufactory.

THE Subscribers take this method to inform their friends and the public in general, that they have commenced the Morocco Leather Manufacturing, in all its various branches, at the old established stand, formerly occupied by Thomas Steel, No. 81 St. John street, second door above Willow street, formerly called Pegg's Run, N. L. where they intend to have constantly for sale a general assortment of Morocco, of all the various colours and finish, which they will dispose of on the most reasonable and accommodating terms.

Persons using the above article would do well to call and examine for themselves.

N. B. Orders for Morocco, from any part of the United States will be thankfully received and promptly attended to.
march 5—6m FRITZ & COTTMAN.

BOOTS, &c.

GENTLEMEN'S super seal skin Boots at $2 50; ladies' and Gentlemen's improved Gum Elastic Shoes manufactured to order.

A good assortment of ladies' and gentlemen's Shoes constantly on hand, and manufactured of the best materials, and of the most approved fashion. SAMUEL D. BREED,
june 4—tf No. 6 North Sixth street.

Medical Specific for the Consumption.

THE PULMEL, with its various preparations, is a mild, safe, and efficient remedy for this fatal disease only. It is fragrant and palatable; some patients become quite fond of it.—Nearly 700 persons from Boston to New Orleans have been cured or relieved by using the Syrup, inhaling the Balsam, &c. Nothing but vegetable substances enter into its chemical combination. A pamphlet is given gratis. A work called the *Pulmist,* or the *Art to Cure the Consumption,* has been published as a guide, price $1, by the proprietor, Dr. Rafinesque, Professor of Medical Botany, &c. who practises exclusively as a *Pulmist* in diseases of the lungs, and is very successful.

The Work and Medicines sold by him, wholesale and retail, at No. 59 North Eighth street, above Arch.—Also, by Boskurt, R. Brown, Klett, T. Harlan, Williamson, Marshall, Scattergood, Varnall, Carpenter, &c. june 4—tf

William Topham.

COPPER PLATE PRINTER, back of 124 Market street, below Fourth street, where Maps, Charts, Certificates, Bills of Exchange, Checks, Notes, Drafts, Portraits, Views, Heads of Bills, Drug Bills, Professional and Visiting Cards, Sugar Bills, Watch Papers, Hat Tips, &c. neatly printed on reasonable terms. may 28—6m

For Private Sale.

A FARM in Byberry Township, Philadelphia county, 13 miles from Philadelphia lying on the road from Philad. to Byberry Meeting House passing through one end of the Farm, on which there is a good Blacksmith's Shop with shade, and is an excellent stand for business. This Farm contains about 110 acres of land and is divided into convenient fields for tillage; it is in good cultivation and all in grain or grass, except about eight acres of wood land. There is on the premises a good stone mansion, well finished and properly divided into rooms, below and above, with cellar under nearly the whole. A good spring of water at the door with pump in it. A good spring house, ice house filled with ice, and a vault for milk adjoining. All very convenient to the house. There is a frame barn, with stabling and sheds. A well of good water in the barn yard, with a pump in it. A large wagon and carriage house, with cribs enclosed. The Farm is well supplied with fruit trees of different kinds. Any person wishing to purchase, can have immediate possession and all the grain, grass, stock, &c. at a fair valuation. For particulars enquire of EDWARD DUFFIELD, adjoining, or to the subscriber on the premises.
may 28—6t* ANN ASHBRIDGE.

Patent Fly Net.

For Carriage, Gig or Saddle Horses.

THE Subscriber having obtained Letters Patent, granted by the President of the United States, for the manufacture and vending of the above useful article, begs leave to inform the public, that he has them now for sale, at his Coach Lace, Fringe and Military Store in this city.

The above improved Patent Fly Net is manufactured of various colors, to suit either Plated, Brass or Japan mounted Harness, and for beauty, durability and convenience, exceeds every thing of the kind [illegible]. HENRY KORN.
may 28—6m No. 22 North Third street.

Thomas Earle, Attorney at Law,

NO. 30 Philadelphia Arcade, East Avenue, up stairs. Deeds, Bonds, Mortgages, Insolvent Petitions, and other writings drawn on moderate terms. jan. 22—tf

Marshall's Concentrated

COMPOUND Syrup of Sarsaparilla for the cure of Obstinate Eruptions of the skin, Pimples or pustules on the face, Biles which arise from an impure habit of body, Scaly Eruptions, Pains in the bones, Chronic Rheumatism, Tetter, Scrofula or King's Evil, White Swellings, Syphilitic Symptoms, and all disorders arising from an impure state of the blood, produced either by a hereditary taint or a bad and unhealthy climate, the injudicious use of mercury, &c.

Price $1 per bottle, or $9 per dozen.

It has long been a desideratum with physicians and patients, to obtain an *active preparation of Sarsaparilla* in a convenient and portable form. Since Dr. Hancock's publication in the London Medico-Botanical Transactions, and Mr. Hodgson's recent paper in the Journal of the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, denying the efficacy, and asserting the inertness of any Decoctions, Syrups, or Compound Fluid Extracts made by long and continued boiling, I have been induced to prepare a Concentrated Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla by a process peculiar to myself, and, aided by a powerful hydraulic press, have succeeded in obtaining a more efficient and active preparation than has ever heretofore been manufactured.

This very convenient and active Syrup is now with confidence offered to the medical profession and the public, as possessing in an eminent degree all the active properties of the Sarsaparilla in its most concentrated form.

One pint of the Syrup thus prepared contains the active principle of two pounds of Sarsaparilla. One fluid ounce is equal in strength to one quart of the decoction of the London Pharmacopœia or the Lisbon Diet Drink.

This article possesses an agreeable and pleasant flavour, and the most delicate and fastidious stomach will bear it conveniently.

N. B.—To prevent spurious and empirical imitations, the written signature of the Subscriber will be placed on the label of each bottle. CHARLES MARSHALL.

A DOSE.—For Adults, a table-spoonful, added to a half pint tumbler of water, to be taken twice a day—in the morning before breakfast, and in the evening on going to bed.—For Children, half a tea-spoonful in a wine glass of water—once a day.

Prepared and Sold only at Charles Marshall's Drug and Chemical Store, No. 6 Minor street, between Fifth and Sixth streets, south side, Philadelphia, where may also be had all the new and popular medicines, such as Sulphate of Quinine, Piperine, Acetate and Sulphate of Morphia, Denarcotized Opium, Denarcotized Laudanum, Acidulous Tincture of Opium, Solidified Copaiva, Compound Tonic Extract, Saratoga Powders, and every other article in the drug line of the choicest quality, and on the most reasonable terms. june 18—tf

Watches, &c. &c.

THE Subscriber offers for sale a great variety of Gold and Silver Watches, likewise a handsome assortment of Jewellery, consisting of gold watch chains, gold guard chains, seals, keys, ear rings, finger rings, silver table and tea spoons, sugar tongs, ever pointed pencils, gold and silver spectacles, a large assortment of musical boxes, in shell and tin cases; with a variety of low priced jewellery, all of which will be sold, wholesale and retail, at the lowest cash prices. Orders from any part of the country promptly attended to. JOHN C. FARR,
march 19—tf 98 Market street, one door below Third street.

Schuylkill Coal, reduced in price.

THE Subscriber is prepared to execute orders for Schuylkill Coal of a superior quality at $4, 50 per ton of 2240 lbs. delivered on board of vessels, in quantities not less than a cargo, at his wharf, Locust street, on Schuylkill.

The Coal offered is of the first quality; it shall be carefully raked and put on board as free from dust as the nature of the article will admit. The terms cash, or approved paper, with interest added.

Coal, of the same quality as that offered above, will be delivered to consumers, carefully screened, in such quantities as may be required for domestic purposes, at $5 50 per ton of 2240 lbs. Application may be made at the wharf, or at the Schuylkill Mine Hill Coal Office, No. 106 Arch street, 3d door above Sixth street. SAMUEL P. WETHERILL.
march 26—tf

Removal.

STEPHEN NORTH, has removed his Wholesale Drug and Chemical Store, from No. 17 Franklin Place, near the Post Office, to No. 50 North Third street, within two doors of Arch street, (west side.)

To Country Merchants and Others.

The Subscribers having entered into partnership in the above business of Wholesale Druggists and Chemists, respectfully inform their friends and the public that every attention will be paid to the orders they may receive, both as to the selection of the purest articles and the despatch with which such orders will be executed. STEPHEN NORTH.
jan. 8—tf EDWARD C. ALLEN.

Paper Warehouse.

NO. 23 Minor street. S. POTTER is Agent for several of the most extensive Paper Manufacturers in the United States, and keeps constantly on hand at the lowest mill prices, for cash or approved notes, almost every description of Paper made in this country.

Orders from abroad thankfully received and promptly attended to. march 12—tf

To Country Druggists and Merchants.

WILLIAM BAKER, Druggist, No. 6 North Fifth street, Philadelphia, sole Agent for the sale of the celebrated remedy for Cholera Morbus and Diarrhœa or Bowel Complaint, which has proved so efficacious during two years experience, that it is believed to have cured 99 cases out of 100 within a few hours, calls the attention of dealers from interior and seaboard towns, to this excellent medicine. In order that its merits may be tested it will be sold with the privilege of returning any that may not be disposed of. The retail price is but 31 cents per bottle, with the privilege of returning it if a cure is not effected, or 25 cents without that privilege. A liberal discount made to purchasers by the quantity. One bottle will generally cure from two to five persons. feb. 19—6m

Samuel Kimber,

NO. 200 Callowhill street, at the old Steam Drug Mill, has always on hand Chipped and Ground DYE WOODS, which he will sell to Manufacturers, Dyers, &c. at very reduced prices. Warranted Campeachy Logwood, for Hatters.
june 18—3m*

The Study of Book-Keeping.

C. C. MARSH will commence teaching in this city, in next May, according to future notice. april 16—tf

Jebb's Rheumatic Liniment.

Philadelphia, June 9th, 1830.

RESPECTED SIR,—My present object in writing to you, is to express the high opinion I have of that valuable medicine called Jebb's Rheumatic Liniment. I have been sorely afflicted with the inflammatory rheumatism for six years, and after having tried several popular remedies to no good purpose, I used two bottles of your medicine, (the Jebb's Liniment,) and now am entirely free from that very troublesome disease. When the damp weather came on, I had it very severely, but since I used your medicine, I have never felt it, although I have been wet to the skin once, and had my feet very wet several times since. The medicine I procured from one of your agents, while on a tour through New England. You are at liberty to publish this, or show it to any of your friends or acquaintances. Some of them will probably know me, as I am known in Boston, Providence, &c. Very respectfully,

(Signed,) ALEXANDER LEVY.

Mr. T. Kidder.

For Sale by J. Thompson, No. 4 North Second street; and J. W. Pledway, South Second street, opposite German.
april 23—3m

Penn Foundry, Kensington,

PHILADELPHIA.

WILLIAM ROBINSON, late of the firm of William Robinson & Co., Phœnix Foundry, Wilmington, Del. respectfully informs the public, that he has commenced business in Penn street, near the corner of Marsh street, Kensington, and having engaged the most experienced workmen, he is fully prepared to execute all orders for Castings, in quality equal to any made in the United States, and solicits the favour of his friends.

☞ Orders may be left at Messrs. Duncan & Brother's Store, No. 36 Market street, Wilmington; Also, at the Store of James M'Cullough, Newcastle, all of which will be forwarded daily by steam boat, to either place, free of expense. april 16—3m

G. W. Farr, Merchant Tailor,

NO. 15 South Third Street, a few doors below Market, has received with the late fashions a general assortment of superfine and low priced blue, black, brown, olive, green, bronze, citron, claret, bottle green and olive green cloths and cassimeres,—with an assortment of premium cassimeres, plain and fancy silk velvets, valencia, toilinette, English and French silk vestings.

Medical Students and strangers visiting the city will find it to their advantage to examine the above goods.

Elastic Spring Stocks, a new and fashionable article, wholesale or retail, linen collars, dickeys, suspenders, gloves, cravats, stockings, and silver cravat clasps, &c. &c. sep. 25—tf

Yellow Springs Hotel and Boarding House.

MRS. HOLMAN, the proprietor of the above mentioned establishment, respectfully informs her friends and the public in general, that she has opened her houses for the reception of company the present season, when she hopes to be found ready to accommodate with entire satisfaction all who may be pleased to favour her with their custom. Very thankful for the past favours she has received, she still hopes to maintain a liberal share of the same.

N. B. The roads to the Springs have been completely repaired, and are in good order for travelling. june 4—6t

Carpenter's Saratoga Powders,

FOR making Congress Spring or Saratoga Water, equal to that fresh from the Springs. These Powders are superior to the Seidlitz, being equally aperient, and at the same time possessing valuable tonic and chalybeate properties, and are consequently better adapted to weak and debilitated constitutions than any cathartic in use. There is no article of medicine ever introduced to public attention which has received in so short a period of time so high a degree of popularity, and which has been received with so general and almost universal satisfaction in so extensive a range of circulation. It is now scarcely twelve months since their first introduction in this city, in which time they have been sent to every city and most of the principal inland towns of the United States, and have given to all cases the most decided and unequivocal satisfaction, and produced the most salutary and beneficial effects; and have elicited from the faculty and highly distinguished individuals in various places, voluntary acknowledgments of satisfaction, and decided expressions of their commendation upon their character and salubrious properties.

There is scarcely an individual in the United States who is not acquainted either by experience or report with the salutary effects of the Congress Spring at Saratoga. From thirty to fifty thousand persons annually visit those Springs; many from the remotest sections of the United States, and some from the West Indies and other foreign places. They have been found extremely useful in most complaints of the stomach, particularly in those where all other aperient medicines cannot be retained.—They act as an aperient or alterative, and at the same time give tone and strength to the stomach, and increase the digestive powers.

They are particularly valuable in dyspepsia and bilious diseases, and are conducive to health by acting as a tonic and imparting health to the constitution.

The water made with these powders possesses the same medicinal qualities, is as effectual in its operation and precise in taste, as that taken immediately from the Springs. These powders are therefore recommended as a valuable remedy in all cases where the Saratoga waters are prescribed. Manufactured and sold only by GEO. W. CARPENTER.
At his Chemical Warehouse, No. [illegible] Market street, Philadelphia.
june 4—tf

REMOVAL.

WE have removed our CLOTH STORE from No. 6 Decatur street, to No. 11 South Third street, next door below the Mechanics' Bank, where we shall keep constantly on hand a large and general assortment of Clothes, Cassimeres and Trimmings, with the usual variety of men's summer stuffs, which we respectfully invite the attention of our friends and the public. SHOEMAKER & LOVE.
may 28—6t

Carpet Manufactory.

JOSEPH SWARTZ, No. 319 North Third street, next door to the Commissioner's Hall, Philadelphia, respectfully informs his friends and the public that he keeps constantly on hand a large assortment of very superior

DOMESTIC CARPETING.

Among which he would particularly recommend, for durability and neatness, a quantity of fine cloth plaid and venitian patterns. Those who favour him by calling, he trusts will be satisfied with the quality and prices of his goods.

N. B. Weaving of every description punctually executed, or materials for all kinds of carpet purchased as above.
april 23—3m

Dawson's Ale and Porter.

JOHN C. RUHLMAN, 18 Franklin Place, informs his friends and the public that he continues to Bottle Dawson's Ale and Porter, and a choice assortment of Cider, for home consumption and exportation. march 19—tf

Glass Cutting Factory.

THE Subscriber still continues the Glass Cutting Business in all its various branches at his store, No. 9 North Third street, [illegible] of Glass. Cut, plain and pressed furniture Knobs, &c. of all kinds. Country merchants and others are requested to call and examine previous to purchasing, as every article will be sold at the lowest factory price, by R. S. RISLEY.
oct. 23—tf

To Tin Plate Workers.

WANTED immediately, two Journeymen Tin Plate Workers. To steady good workmen constant employment and liberal wages will be given.

Also, a boy from 14 to 16 years old, as an apprentice to the above business. Apply at No. 236 Market, between Seventh and Eighth streets, south side. june 11—3t

Upholstery Furnishing Rooms.

S. W. Corner of Third and Walnut Streets. Just received a splendid lot of ADAMS' Improved Swelled Beam Windlass BEDSTEAD, with high and low posts, large and small size. Also,

A great variety of Boston Spring Seat ROCKING CHAIRS, some of which are very elegant. Also,

A few dozen of extra fine large size Canton BLINDS.

A good assortment of pure curl'd Hair Mattrasses, and Palliasses is constantly on hand, and Upholstery Work of every description executed with taste and economy, by J. HANCOCK [illegible]
may 12—1y

Fancy Studs, Buttons, &c.

AN Assortment of pearl, richly gilt, and fancy studs, military ball, eagle and United States and Navy Buttons, pearl and ivory bang-up coat do., a variety of plain and fancy gilt and plated coat and vest, steel, pearl, lasting bone, japanned and metal buttons. Also, steel, gilt and watch chains, seals and keys, watch and stock [illegible] with a great variety of other articles, for sale by GEO. SPACKMAN,
april 16—tf 15 North Third street.

To Country Merchants.

CHEAP Silks, Ribbons, and Lace Goods. BUZBY & SPROGELL, No. 201-2 Market street, offer for sale a large and handsome assortment of superior fancy Silk and Lace Goods. Their entire stock being [illegible] cheap, the decline from former prices enables them to [illegible] inducements to purchasers. feb. 26—[illegible]

Wool! Wool! Wool!

THE highest price will be given in CASH for Wool, washed on the sheep's back, [illegible] after shearing, at the Good Intent Factory, near [illegible] Town, New Jersey, or at No. 75 Market street, Philadelphia. may 21—tf G. NEW[illegible]

New System of Penmanship

TAUGHT at the corner of Sixth and Race streets, opposite Franklin Square. This System has proved its superior qualities over all others; the ease and rapidity which it gives to every hand (both right and left) is unequalled. This fact is admitted by all who have made trial of it, as well Americans, but Englishmen. The Professor Thomas [illegible] a celebrated writer from London, acknowledged it. The [illegible] superiority of this system over all others now in use is [illegible] tained by the highest recommendations. The learner will acquire with certainty in a short time an easy, elegant and [illegible] rapid hand. The unerring principles of this system are such, many persons have acquired an elegant hand writing in [illegible] hours, but the subscriber has had so much experience in this valuable art, that he knows there are various capacities [illegible] discipline is required according to the aptness of the [illegible] therefore it is his determination to complete all who put themselves under his tuition in a superior hand writing, if [illegible] ance and attention is given by them.

References to Gentlemen of the first respectability [illegible] will be given.

N. B. His Rooms are open from five A. M. to ten P. M. Ladies write in separate rooms.

BOOK-KEEPING.

He also informs them that he has completed his new Treatise on Book Keeping, and its superiority over all other [illegible] fully tested by merchants and book keepers of the first [illegible] system and perfect mercantile manner of instruction [illegible] students to acquire in from ten to twenty lessons a general [illegible] perior knowledge of that science, together with his new [illegible] Books, and an unerring *Rule for Dr. and Cr.*

R. MEGONEGAL.

☞ *Evening Classes for Ladies and Gentlemen* [illegible] open. may 7—tf

Superior Cast Steel Edge Tools.

MANUFACTURED by Dunlop, Madeira & Co. [illegible] Works, Chambersburg, Pa. Carpenters', Ship [illegible] and Coopers' Tools, of all kinds, Butcher's Cleavers, Felling Axes, Chissels, Drawing Knives, [illegible] &c. manufactured of the best steel, and if not good [illegible] sale low, wholesale and retail, at

Also, a general assortment of Hardware and [illegible] LESLEY & MERRICK, Hardware Store, No. 363 Market street, [illegible] Sixth street, Philadelphia.

Needle Work!!!

200 WOMEN WANTED, to make Vests, Pantaloons and Round Jackets, to whom constant employment will be given. Apply at the *Basement* of No. 18 John, [illegible] hall, between Sixth and Seventh streets. june [illegible]